JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Mr. Haldane has not done his reputation any good by the feeble manner in which he has treated the officers implicated in the Stores Scandals. From a strong War Minister one expects a jealous regard for the integrity of the public services, and an equally jealous determination that there shall be no whitewash for men who, whether in high place or low, are guilty of bribery, rapacity, dishonesty, and gross neglect of duty. If the evidence given in the Inquiry Commission is true, Mr. Haldane's report is an absurdity. It is not an aecusing document, but an *ex*cusing document, and one can almost imagine the War Minister stretching forth his hands over guilty heads and exclaiming: "You have been rather naughty; still, bless you, my children."

The punishments are wholly inadequate; the excuse made for General Lyttelton, who is not even censured, that it was "almost humanly impossible for him to supervise the supplies and command the troops," will not do. Why did General Lyttelton advise the double responsibility? And why did he, as a fact, pretend that he was doing the "almost impossible" until the abuses were dragged into light? Mr. Haldane has retired some of the culprits, it is true; but he has retired where he should have dismissed. It's as bad as the case of the Servian regicides. One only—Colonel Hammett—has to go without his bread buttered; Colonel Morgan and Captain Limond take their punishment smiling. It is, in truth, a weak, nerveless, sideways ending. Mr. Haldane has had a chance of showing the strong hand in the velvet glove, and lost it. He, too, apparently, has been drawn into the vicious circle of War Office make-believe. We are really beginning to think that what the War Office needs is five years of responsible government by a despot of the Kitchener type. Of War Ministers with whitewash brushes the country has had enough.

In adopting the metric system in their offices at Birmingham, Messrs. Kynoch have set an example to the nation, but they will probably make themselves a nuisance to their customers. No doubt the system saves a great deal of time in countries where it is general and understood, but we hope that nobody will venture experiments with it in their relations with us. It would break our hearts to have to begin learning a series of tables assuring us that 14.2061 centelitres is one gill, 0.65825 litres one pint, 1.13649 litres one quart, 4.5459631 litres one gallon, and so forth. Ask the lady who keeps the corner shop for .75 kilo of "best streaky," and her remarks will doubtless be interesting. Probably, like Lord Randolph Churchill, she would ask the meaning of "those damned dots." Do you know the story? If not, see Winston's book.

We must really endeavour to ascertain from the Attorney-General during the present Parliamentary session why Mr. Arthur Magnus, of Liverpool, may not be allowed to bet with his customers on the result of horse-races, receiving a deposit from them, whilst

bucket-shops are permitted to bet on the fall or rise of shares, receiving deposits from their clients. Both transactions are adjusted by the tape machine. In the one case the bookmaker lays against a horse *winning*, and in the other the bucket-shop lays against a share *rising in value*. Mr. Magnus keeps an office, where he receives deposits, or "cover," from clients. The bucket-shop does the same. Yet Mr. Magnus is suppressed, and the bucket-shops flourish. More hypocrisy. The Law is not only "a hass," but a humbug, too.

That must have been somewhat of a shock which the secretary to the Poplar Municipal Alliance received the other day. Assuming he had the Progressives on what the Man in the Street is pleased to describe as toast, he demanded before the Local Government auditor a full and complete explanation of the expenditure of two Guardians during a recent visit to a poor blind boy at Leatherhead. And, on the face of it, explanation was necessary. They had charged £1 for cab fares, 6s. for railway fares, and 16s. 6d. for refreshments. But when the names of the culprit Guardians came out, probably the secretary wished he had lain low, like Brer Fox, and said "nuffin," like Tar Baby.

One of the culprits turned out to be Mr. A. Smith, a local Tory of some prominence, and the other Mr. R. H. Gibbs, who gave evidence for the Alliance, when that useful body exposed the extravagance of the Guardians at the recent inquiry. Before starting on the journey to the poor blind boy, Messrs. Smith and Gibbs, economists, had a good breakfast (at the ratepayers' expense), travelled first class (at the ratepayers' expense), and dined at the principal hotel (also at the ratepayers' expense). Moreover, having satisfied themselves that the poor blind boy was well and comfortable, they gave him half-a-crown for being good (at the ratepayers' expense). Messrs. Smith and Gibbs ought to have a monument in Poplar—at the ratepayers' expense. We shall be delighted to contribute the inscription.

Le Lor Maire Morgan had a gorgeous time in Paris, and startled the natives considerably. It is long since the Parisians have had gilded coaches, crimson robes, cocked hats, knee-breeches, pink-silk legs, and horse-hair wigs in their midst, and his lordship's show must have recalled to them old pictures of a Louis XVI. procession leaving the Trianon in the days when that misguided potentate had a head. However, anything to improve the *entente cordiale*, for the French are a pleasant people. We beg them, however, to eliminate any impression they may have formed that Le Lor Maire, the Aldermen, the Sheriffs, the Under-Sheriffs, the Commoners, the Remembrancer, the Macebearer, the Swordbearer, the City Marshal, and Monsieur "Wricht," the coachman, represent anything or anybody in particular.

The Lord Bishop of Worcester, to whom we addressed a "Picture Postcard" a week or so ago, on his complaint that there were forty-six livings in his diocese under £100, and only ninety-six above £300, will be interested to learn that another Right Reverend Father in God, the late Lord Bishop of Truro, has left treasure on earth to the value of £82,000. Moreover, in the accounts of the will we do not notice any mention of charities; but this may be an oversight on the part of the reporters.

It seems about time that the police took lessons in the apparently simple art of distinguishing men who are drunk from men who are sober. They have made several bad blunders recently. In one case, at Brentford, a policeman arrested a man for being drunk because he was stooping down to tie his bootlace. In another, at Willesden, an officer swore that he found a man lying drunk on the pavement, when, as a matter of fact, the doctor certified the prisoner to be suffering from epilepsy. Policemen should know that there are three stages of inebriety—namely, three sheets in the wind, dead drunk, and having no visible means of support, except the pillar-box or the lamp-post. All the other states of uncertain equilibrium may be regarded as the legal equivalent of "Not guilty."

Talking of the force, could anything have been more idiotic than the action of the policeman who arrested a man for causing an obstruction, the other day, by gazing up at the sky? Whilst so engaged, another man came along, and assisted him to gaze. Then arrived four or five other people, including a boy with a basket and a lady with a dog, and they also commenced to look upwards. Gradually the crowd increased, and they became unanimous in gazing at the sky. By-and-bye the policeman arrived on the scene, gazed up at the sky, and then wanted to know what was the matter. Every moment somebody else arrived to join the mighty throng, and as the crowd would not move until the man who arrived first had departed, and as he continued to gaze heavenwards in silence, the policeman ran him in. Of course, the man had committed no offence whatever. This is a free country; the notion that a man gazing up at the sky can be arrested for causing a crowd to assemble is too ridiculous; and the silent humourist left the court without a stain upon his character, and with the credit of working off an old joke upon the Great British Public once again.

Lord Hugh Cecil complains that the Government has so long delayed its decision to appeal to the House of Lords against the Court of Appeal in the West Riding case, and he adds that he "looks to the Lords to defend the principles fundamental to the religious life of the country." This is surely a new function to be imposed upon a judicial tribunal. The Law Lords are not concerned with the views or wishes of Lord Hugh Cecil and his friends, or with the religious life of the country. Their business is to administer the law of the country by legal forms, and the interposition of Lord Hugh Cecil goes a long way in the direction of impertinence.

We dined, the other night, at "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," off Fleet Street; and we were amused to watch a party of Americans gazing reverently at the seat of the "great Dr. Johnson." Of course, this is one of London's many harmless frauds. There is no evidence, that we are aware of, that Dr. Johnson ever entered the "Cheshire Cheese"; and we look with equal suspicion upon the "ancient" pewter and other accessories of this grim hostelry. Still, the pudding's all right—and that's everything.

Here is an unreported "extract" from Mr. Keir Hardie's recent speech at Kirriemuir:

> "A certain section of the High Ecclesiastical party in the Anglican Church finds it difficult to maintain its belief in the doctrine of Divine Right, when they see the 'Lord's anointed' dividing his time pretty equally between Newmarket Heath, the theatre, and the society of a certain division of the so-called 'Smart Set'—some with alien-sounding names—to whom the mysteries of 'Bridge' are not entirely unknown."

We wonder whether Keir will repeat this in the House!

We have frequently had occasion to refer, not always very flatteringly, to the publications for which Lord Northcliffe and his brothers are responsible; and it is therefore with the greatest pleasure that we note the gradual, but sure, recovery of Mr. St. John Harmsworth from his terrible motor accident. Although the paralysis has not yet been overcome, the doctors are sanguine that the use of the limbs will ultimately be regained, and that there will be but little permanent disablement. To the vast public which appreciates Perrier water—of which Mr. St. John Harmsworth is proprietor—even more than the publications which flow from Carmelite House, this will be good news. May

the prognostications of the medical men be fully justified.

Another case of "paying your halfpenny, and taking your choice":—

Daily Mail, Oct. 16.
RICHEST HEIRESS MARRIED.
She is a decided brunette, slender, of medium height, with a wealth of wavy black hair.

Evening News, Oct. 15.
RICHEST HEIRESS MARRIED.
She is a fair-haired young woman, and is somewhat short and stout.

All is fair in love and war—and religion. The other day a builder sued the secretary of a Wandsworth Gospel mission for £28 for work and materials supplied to the mission hall; and the worthy gentleman produced a box of pawn-tickets, which, he alleged, constituted his sole possessions! And the twelve members of the "Building Committee," who were also sued, set up the defence that they were not personally responsible! And yet one of the items of the builder's account was for "spouting"!

An attack upon rabbit coursing cannot be regarded as a general attack on sport. Many good sportsmen have an objection to the practice, similar to that which recently resulted in the abolition of pigeon shooting at Hurlingham. It is, beyond question, more cruel and cowardly than cock-fighting, which the birds so much enjoy that the other day two of them made a valiant attempt to silence the evidence against their owners by defiant crowing. But whether rabbit coursing be wrong or right, there can be no question but that it is hypocritical to employ against it an unrepealed Act of Charles I., which provides "that it shall be unlawful for any persons to assemble outside their own parishes on the Lord's Day for any sports or pastimes whatsoever." This is what comes of the Royal Commission on Sunday Trading recommending legislation in the spirit of the obsolete statute. Still, there is some wisdom in the idea that you may assemble as much as you like in your own parish. But what about the golf and river men, who habitually "assemble" for "pastime" outside their own parishes on the Lord's Day?

One of our readers writes that he will take our paper no longer because, knowing Russia well, he is "sorry that the Jews who dominate the English Press are able to put matters before the public in a ludicrously untrue light," and so on. Well, JOHN BULL is not dominated by Jews—but "business is business," and we don't want to lose a single, or a married, reader. What are the facts? The vilest outrages have taken place in Russia, whilst those in authority, whose duty it is to protect all under them, have connived and instigated these outrages. A week or so ago Stolypin gave the promise that no more Pogroms should take place. How could he do so if they are the result only of the popular anger against the Jew? A little while ago the Czar showed great favour to the Union of Russian Men, accepting for himself their badge. These men have organised and provided the Black Hundreds. The assertion that Jews dominate the Press in England is an obsession. Their power *in*, to say nothing of *over*, the Press here is nil, comparatively. The *D.T.*, it is true, is owned by a converted Jew, but as a matter of fact its Russian correspondent has been throughout very pro-Russian and somewhat anti-Jewish, whilst papers like the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Tribune*, the *Daily News*, and some of the provincial papers, in the management of which there are no Jews, have been strongest in their denunciation of the Russian outrages; and the *Times* has been particularly anti-Russian. We trust that, after this explanation, we need not reduce our printing order by knocking off our correspondent's copy.

A Roman Catholic novelist, who died the other day, left instructions in her will that she should be cremated. But, we are told, "as the Catholic Church strictly forbids cremation, the relatives had to abandon the carrying out of her wish, and the body was buried in the ordinary manner." The relatives doubtless assumed that the deceased was in ignorance of the prohibition of her Church. But what right had they to assume anything of the kind? Suppose she had left money to a Protestant hospital? Would they have seized it on the ground that her Church would not like it? JOHN BULL respects everyone's sincere religious beliefs, but, for the life of him, he cannot see how from any point of view it can matter whether the body falls to dust in the earth, or to ashes in the oven.

From his point of view, the Rev. Dr. W. H. Abraham, Vicar of St. Augustine's, Hull, is perfectly entitled to lament that 5,000 invaders of his parish, mostly young married people, who have taken up their abode in the neighbourhood of his church during recent years, obstinately decline to go to worship. But when he tells us that one of the most distressing things about it, as he journeys through the streets they occupy, is the sight of these people playing cards and drinking whisky, we begin to wonder. How does he *know* it is whisky? Does he consider it part of his sacred duty to make sure of the fact?

The impossibility of the tasks sometimes set a London magistrate, and the cruelty of Providence in denying him assistance, even when loudly invoked by both parties to the suit, found illustration in a case before Mr. Cluer the other day. A Russian Pole, summoned for wages, excitedly told the Court that he did not owe a penny. "Send I may live; vish I may die, if I haven't paid him," he repeated again and again. The complainant was equally emphatic in his desire to drop down dead immediately, were not his contention correct. Mr. Cluer could hardly get in a question edgeways or elicit a pertinent fact; so quietly awaited developments. At length he exclaimed: "Which am I to believe? You both want to drop dead if you are not each speaking the truth. I am waiting for one of you to drop. Neither does drop dead. No; this trial by ordeal will not do." Obviously, the only thing was to adjourn the case *sine die*.

Our congratulations to the Paddington Borough Council, who have just furnished the new council chamber at a cost of £1,000. The members sit on oak seats upholstered in beautiful red morocco leather, and rest their boots on a genuine Turkey carpet. As the Paddington Moderates, like the Moderates in other districts of London, are just now screaming about the extravagance of the Progressives, it seems necessary to point out that the Moderates run the Paddington Borough Council. To do them justice, however, we believe there is no truth in the rumour that they have ordered a large quantity of satin footstools and silk cushions to assist in the performance of their strenuous labours.

Charles James Pigrome has just been sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the second division for stealing £100 from the Camden Town branch of Parr's Bank, Limited, in whose employ he had been for nineteen years, for four of which he was their cashier at a salary of £200 per annum. We do not wish to shield Pigrome; neither is it our desire to suggest that persons in positions of trust can be kept honest by large salaries; but we do suggest that a wage of £4 a week to the cashier of an important branch of one of our leading banks, is, after nineteen years' service—well, not very handsome. Parr's Bank has a capital of eight-and-a-half millions, of which £1,700,000 is paid up. It has paid a steady dividend of 20 per cent. per annum for the past six years, and occasional bonuses. A little more of the profits divided amongst the staff would not be a bad thing.

At the Baptists' Congress, at Barrow-in-Furness, the Rev. G. G. Greenhough gave it as his opinion that the Baptist denomination was not to be compared to a race-horse or a motor-car, but was "like that careful slow-stepping animal on which their Master rode into Jerusalem." What *did* he mean?

At the annual meeting of the South Wales and Monmouthshire Temperance Association, a teetotal dissenting minister denounced Mr. S. T. Evans, M.P., as "the greatest sinner" for accepting briefs from the licensed trade. This resolution was then adopted, "That this conference, while thankful to Almighty God for the return to Parliament of a solid phalanx of 34 members for Wales and Monmouthshire pledged to temperance legislation, still deplores the action of some of our barrister M.P.'s in accepting briefs on behalf of the trade." We presume that a similar condemnation will be passed upon Mr. Evans, if he should, in the course of his professional career, accept a brief on behalf of a murderer or a thief—or doesn't that matter?

The remarkable dramas of Longchamp and Koepenick afford a tragedy and a comedy garishly reflecting the French and German characters. To a certain extent they present a contrast, to a certain extent also a similarity. At Longchamp we had a sharp echo of the Revolution, an amazing reminder of the brute instincts which still survive among the submerged classes of the Latin race. Dr. Reich's comments on the affair, if slightly fantastic, are certainly pertinent. He considers that nothing of the kind could happen in a Teuton country, where every individual in a crowd possesses an opinion of his own, whereas the Latins are swept away by any sudden, vigorous expression, for the reason that their minds are on one dead level. He compares them to blades of dry grass in a prairie, ready to catch fire and rush and roar and crackle with incredible celerity.

The true explanation lies in heredity, fortified by education. In every French school, pupils are taught to revere the principles of 1789, if not of 1793. And in every French mobsman's veins there still throbs the same blood which inspired the Terror and the Commune. Remark also the force of a distorted sense of injustice. The whole crowd cannot have backed the favourite. But whenever anything goes wrong in France, the people immediately scent a betrayal, and cry aloud for the blood of officials. The French are more like a volcanic country than a parched plain. Seismic disturbance may afflict them at any moment, without warning, and the disaster may be far greater than that of a prairie fire.

The Koepenick comedy is only similar in that it reflects the instinctive unanimity of a people, the homogeneity of a national mind. The egregious contrast is to be found in the unreasoning display of discipline as against a caricature of individualism. A barber dresses up as a captain, orders a company of soldiers to follow him, places a burgomaster under arrest, and makes off with the municipal monies. The whole enterprise is accomplished with the ease and address of an artist, almost of a hero. The difficulty is to know who could have prevented its success. The soldiers could not disobey a man in captain's uniform; the municipal victims could not resist the obedient soldiery. The Kaiser is reported to have said that "a man who could carry out such an enterprise in time of peace would be worth an entire army corps in time of war." What, then, shall be done to him? Raids on town halls cannot be permitted in a well-ordered State, if only because minor artists might be tempted to imitate. But after laughing with the dog and almost admiring him, we should be sorry to see him sent to penal servitude. Frederick the Great would probably have made him a Grenadier. That is, perhaps, too much to expect to-day. We suggest that he should be sent out to deal with the Servian regicides.

With regard to the idea, however, that no such thing could happen in a country like ours, what short memories we have! It is but a few years ago since a young scapegrace, describing himself as Lord Elgin, detrained a regiment at Waterloo Station, and subsequently carried on high jinks with the coast-guardsmen down in Hampshire—ultimately getting himself arrested, and sent to prison for stealing some one's overcoat! Now, if this could happen in England under our present system of government, what sort of tricks could be played upon us if we became a military nation like Germany? We should have the Poplar workhouse master riding in state to the Mansion House and posing as the Lord Mayor. Quite recently we have witnessed the spectacle of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs masquerading about Paris as the representatives of London; and on the ninth of next month they will repeat the joke for the benefit of the simple-minded and long-suffering Britisher.

Here is a pretty story of a little girl, aged seven. Her parents told her one evening that on the following day they were moving from London to Scotland; and as she knelt by her bed that night she was heard to say this prayer: "Dear God, make me a good girl, and bless mamma and papa and my sisters and brothers, and take care of us all to-night. And now, dear God, I must say 'Good-bye' for a long time. *We are going to Glasgow in the morning.*"

John Bull's Biscuits.

Award No. 69.

For informing his readers that "a party of cyclists" finding themselves without lamps, lit up their machines by collecting glow-worms and placing them on the handlebars,

THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 70.

For stating that she "considers beauty a handicap on the stage," and is absolutely tired of being told that she is pretty,"

MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 71.

For pleading drunkenness in defence after "ringing the changes" with a skill worthy of a senior wrangler,

MR. GEORGE SWEENEY, Costermonger,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 72.

For putting the blame upon the practice of cigarette smoking in a case where a man assaulted the conductor of a tramcar,

MR. FORDHAM, the Magistrate,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 73.

For his series of excuses for not replying to Dr. Gerathwohl's application for an interview,

SIR EDWARD HENRY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 74.

For adopting the "semi-decimal" system—15 ounces to the pound—

MESSRS. LEVER BROTHERS, LTD.
(Soap Manufacturers, Port Sunlight),
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 75.

For employing powerful field glasses to detect youths playing at pitch-and-toss on Sunday,

THE POLICE OF NORTHAMPTON
TAKE BISCUITS *AD LIB.*

Award No. 76.

For warning us against milk as unsafe, because "the milk of cows fed on brewers' grains contains a considerable percentage of alcohol,"

DR. C. LEIGH HUNT WALLACE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

JOHN BULL TO HIS READERS:

A Co-Operative Partnership Scheme,

The twenty-first issue of JOHN BULL finds us in the front rank of weekly journalism. Our circulation is the envy of our contemporaries, and our advertisement income is adjusting itself to the medium thus created.

We have established our position as "the penny *Truth*"—thus filling a journalistic opening which had apparently been overlooked. We have endeavoured to live up to our new title and our motto—and we have kept our banner clean. We have done our best to supply what we felt to be a need—a robust, non-party, non-sectarian common-sense organ. And the result has been a triumphant, a unique success.

But this very success has its drawbacks. Necessarily dependent, whilst without machinery of our own, upon printers with much other work, we have upon several occasions been unable to cope with the demand of the Trade owing to the machinery being engaged after our main edition had been run off, which means irritation to our customers, and loss to ourselves. This difficulty we desire to remedy. Moreover, we intend to establish a monthly magazine in connection with JOHN BULL, and we anticipate with confidence a large circulation for it.

As will be understood, the present position of JOHN BULL—a paying property and not five months old—has not been won without a large expenditure of capital, and now more is required for the purposes indicated above. We have therefore decided to make an issue of £25,000 Five per cent. Debentures of £10 each (or any multiple thereof), which will be a first charge on all the assets and property of JOHN BULL, and will be offered in the first instance to our readers, and them only. All applications must, therefore, be made upon the subjoined form, which must be cut from JOHN BULL.

To facilitate this issue, JOHN BULL has been transferred to a Joint Stock Company, under the title of JOHN BULL, LTD., with a capital of £100,000, in 100,000 shares of £1 each. Of these shares the founder WILL, FREE OF CHARGE, TRANSFER TEN FULLY-PAID SHARES OF £1 EACH FOR EACH £10 DEBENTURE SUBSCRIBED. *In other words, we will give our readers a quarter interest in our paper as a bonus upon the debentures*—an interest which will create a co-operative element in the proprietary which cannot but prove an additional source of strength to JOHN BULL.

It is, of course, too early to publish a balance-sheet, but the following certificate will be of interest:—

16, Bevis Marks,
London, E.C.,
October 21st, 1906.

I have made a careful examination into the working of JOHN BULL from the date of its establishment down to the present time. Its progress has been continuous, and, upon the basis of its present weekly income and expenditure, I certify that its profits are sufficient to provide interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum upon a Debenture issue of £25,000, and to also pay dividends upon a share capital of £100,000.

(Signed)
DALTON EASUM,
Chartered Accountant.

JOHN BULL, LIMITED.

ISSUE OF £25,000 FIVE PER CENT. DEBENTURES.

APPLICATION FORM.

To JOHN BULL, Limited.

Gentlemen,—Enclosed I beg to hand you the sum of ..... for ..... Debentures of £10 each in JOHN BULL, Limited.

(Signed)

Full name .....

Address .....

Date ....., 1906.

NOTE.—This application may be for £10 or any multiple thereof.

IN THE CITY.

A NOVEL COMPANY.

A correspondent who has held a high official position in the National Union of Teachers sends us a prospectus of Diploma Correspondence College, Limited, and in doing so, writes:—

> "The circular (prospectus) is being sent broadcast to teachers, who can ill afford to sink what little money they have in risky enterprises."

He asks us for our opinion as to the Company.

The prospectus shows that the Company has a capital of £15,000, divided into 7,000 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each, and 8,000 ordinary shares of like denomination. It is stated that a statement of accounts has been prepared by Messrs. Clark, Battams, Lanham and Co., of 7, Mildred Court, E.C., for the four years ended June 30th, 1906, and the net profits are shown to average £1,222 per annum, but the certificate of the accounts is not published. Moreover, the figures given do not correspond with other figures to be found on the same page of the prospectus. Whilst in the one place net profits for 1906 are put at £1,302 6s. 2d., in another we find that from this sum has to be deducted "managing directors' salary and directors' fees, £310," leaving net profits not at £1,302 6s. 2d. as stated, but £992 6s. 2d. Nor is there anything to show that depreciation has been allowed for, or that anything has been put to reserve. The £1,302 of net profit is, therefore, simply imaginary. The actual profit must be very much smaller. The present issue is of 7,000 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares, and to pay this dividend £490 is required. It is very doubtful, indeed, upon the figures as given in the prospectus, whether this profit is at present earned.

The vendor, "J. W. Knipe, Esq., L.C.P., F.R.S.L.," is described as "College Principal," and dates from "The Lawn, Fishponds, Bristol." Another director is Mr. P. R. Knipe, of the same address, described as "College Tutor and Secretary." Then there is Mr. R. A. M. Jones, "Classical Lecturer at the Royal Albert Memorial College, Exeter," the Rev. Professor Moore, "Professor of Hebrew in New College, Edinburgh," and the Rev. J. Moreland, "Rathfriland, Co. Down," described as a "College Tutor." How a classical lecturer at Exeter, a professor of Hebrew at Edinburgh, and a college tutor living in County Down can attend board meetings at Bristol is not explained. It is safe, however, to say that for all practical purposes Mr. J. W. Knipe, the vendor, will be the board. Now the vendor, Mr. Knipe, is to be paid for what he has to sell £11,000, of which £7,281 1s. 9d. is for goodwill, and £5,000 is to be in cash. There is no certificate of valuation. The premises, the stock of books, furniture, book-debts, all have to be taken upon the authority of the vendor.

We have said enough, we think, to warrant us in telling our correspondent that he will do well not to put any money into this concern, and be justified in advising his friends to keep out of it.

The Edinburgh District Motor Omnibus Company, Limited.

In the beginning of February last the prospectus of this company was issued, and the public were invited to subscribe £190,000. The name of the company indicates its objects, and three paragraphs of the prospectus which have an important bearing upon the immediate future of the company are as below:—

> The Company has secured the delivery of 150 'buses, 15 within three months, and the remainder at 20 per month afterwards, upon terms which the Directors consider favourable.
>
> These 'buses will be of the most approved manufacture, and are being built to meet local requirements. They will be of greater horse-power, but otherwise they are of similar types as those used by the Great Western, the North-Eastern, the Great North of Scotland, the Mersey, and other Railway Companies, and all the principal London and Provincial Omnibus Companies.
>
> As the Company has been able to secure such prompt deliveries, they will be able to commence operations at once, and to take full advantage of the heavy holiday traffic in the town and surrounding districts during the summer months.

It will be observed that the prospectus states that the company had secured the actual delivery of 150 omnibuses, that fifteen more were to be delivered within three months, and that twenty per month were to be delivered from that time onwards until the whole were in hand. Consequently at the beginning of October the company should have had 245 omnibuses running. A correspondent who is a shareholder of the company, having heard disquieting rumours, wrote to the secretary as to the number of omnibuses on the road at the date of his letter, and the following is the secretary's reply. It is dated from Finsbury Pavement House, October 6th, 1906, and signed "Elias E. Smith." He writes:—

> There have been three char-a-bancs on the road. This service will now be withdrawn and replaced by omnibuses, of which we hope to have nine on the roads shortly. We hope that these will soon be followed by a further number, but the latter is still in dispute with the manufacturers, and there may be a little further delay.

What is the dispute about? Is it as to payment? We find from an official statement, dated May 14th last, that the "total amount of cash received by the company in respect of the shares issued for cash is £15,042 15s. Of this sum £5,250 had been paid as deposit on placing orders for chassis, £850 on placing order for omnibuses and char-a-bancs bodies, £6,630 6s. 8d has been paid to the promoter of the company, and £54 15s. for brokerage, making total payments of £12,785, 1s. 8d., and leaving £2,257 13s. 4d. balance to the credit of the company. It is not a very promising outlook for shareholders. We think they should move in the matter for the purpose of ascertaining the actual present position.

West Australians.

The West Australian market is showing signs of returning activity, mainly as the result of the latest developments recorded from the seat of operations. Some of the leading mines have been in a bad way, especially the *Sons of Gwalia*; but a new strike has been reported, which may have an important bearing on the future of this company. Referring to the strike at the seventh level, the manager supplements the original news by stating that the ore body is of the substantial width of 15ft., assaying £3 7s. per ton. The engineers regard this as the best slice of luck recorded for some time past, but further exploitation will be necessary before any value can be placed upon the development. Those who are holding *Great Fingalls* may, at any moment, be cheered by similar encouraging news, as the ore bodies occur in the shape of lenses, just as in the Sons of Gwalia. The Great Boulder Proprietary continues to report almost daily cables of a gratifying character, testifying to the permanence of the ore bodies at the lowest level in the mine. The Lake View annual report was far better than anticipated, and the company's recent history reflects great credit on Mr. Ernest Govett. A strike of good stone may be cabled any day from this low-grade mine.

East Fingall Gold Mine.

Increasing interest is being taken in the development of this property, owing to the encouraging results of the trial crushings, announced each month. The official reports show that all work on the property has been thoroughly done, and the machinery is of the best description. The shaft has been sunk to a depth of 500ft., and intercepted at 413ft. a lode 3ft. wide, which assayed over three ounces of gold per ton. At the 500-ft. level, at a distance of 60ft. from the shaft, the lode was crosscut, the average value being nearly £5 per ton, and the width upwards of 6ft. The company has ample cash capital, and it is believed that before long large bodies of rich ore will be opened out. The property is close to the Great Fingall, but not on the same lode. Local opinion of the prospects of the undertaking is of a distinctly encouraging character.

Metal experts tell us that the advance in the "Metals of Commerce"—tin, copper, spelter, lead—is by no means at an end, despite current record quotations. High prices will however inevitably check the demand from manufacturers, and must equally stimulate production.

INQUIRIES.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

PAQUIN, LIMITED.—SHAREHOLDER (Kensington).—We think the shares worth their present quotation, but it must not be forgotten that it is something of a one-man show.

BROKERS.—E. M. (Romford).—We do not recommend brokers.

PEARKS, LIMITED.—A. B. C. (St. Anne's-on-Sea).—(1) We have no reason to expect any considerable rise, and, any way, we should not advise a lady in the position you describe as that of being your own to invest in these shares. (2) You were very foolish to put money into the Wicke's Rotary Type Company. You should leave this kind of speculative share to those who have plenty of money to lose, and put such money as you have to spare in some industrial concern.

GREAT COBAR, LIMITED.—AJAX (Highgate).—Having regard to the rapid rise in the price of copper, it is not unlikely that there will be appreciation in the price of these shares; but, although the company is a valuable copper property, it is greatly over-capitalised, and it will require a large expenditure of money and time before it can be reorganised for economical working. We think it will be as well not to touch the shares unless, perhaps, as a mere speculative purchase, when you should be content with a quick profit.

INSURANCE OF CHILD.—G. O. M. (South Wales).—You say that you insured a child, born in February last, with the Britannic Insurance Company on March 12, and paid 2d. per week for twenty-seven weeks, when the child died. Under the Endowment Insurance (Infantile) Table 6 of this company you contend that you are entitled upon the death of the child to £1 10s., assuming that he was under two years of age, and the payments had been kept up. You say that the company refused to pay you more than £1, which, in your poverty, you were obliged to accept. On the face of it you seem to be entitled to £1 10s., but we have no doubt that the company has a good reply to your complaint. If you will let us know what the reply of the company is, we will tell you whether we think it sufficient or not.

VARIOUS SHARES.—MAJOR (Regent's Park).—Our advice to you is not to touch Salisbury Buildings; nor, for the matter of that, any of the other shares you mention.

AMERICAN THREAD CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE.—INQUIRER (Belfast).—The yield at present price is a trifle over 5 per cent. The immediate outlook for the company is good.

TWO AUSTRALIAN SHARES.—FIRST VENTURE (Radclyffe).—If you take our advice you will avoid the purchase of speculative Mining shares such as those you name in your letter.

TWO SHARES.—INEXPERIENCED (Highbury).—The two shares you name represent sound investments, although you must bear in mind that the taste for Apolinaris may slacken. However, at their present quotation, and taking the last dividend paid, they will give you over 7½ per cent. Lyons' again represent a very sound investment, and at their present price would give you nearly 6 per cent.

FINANCIAL NEWSPAPER.—W. L. S. (Leeds).—We know no newspaper that will enable you to "learn to understand Stocks and Shares, Dealings with Brokers, and so on." There are books which deal with these subjects, and the publishers of most of them are Effingham Wilson and Co., 54, Threadneedle Street, E.C. But books are not of much use in this business, and if you take our advice, you will keep away from the Stock Exchange.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.—SMALL INVESTOR (Leeds).—Eastern Extension Telegraph Ordinary, or Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway Shares, would give you the 5 per cent., and perhaps a trifle over, that you want, with good security.

THE LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—D. M. (Glasgow).—Send us the papers, and we will look into the matter.

HOUSE PURCHASE COMPANY.—F. (Monmouthshire).—We think you are mistaken as to the Company to which you refer, which we believe to be a sound one.

CYCLE COMPANY.—G. T. (Leeds).—We have no reason to think ill of the Company you name.

GOLD MINING COMPANY.—CONSTANT READER (Great Portland Street).—There is no likelihood whatever of your getting back any of your money put into the Company you mention.

MINING SHARES.—THAMES (Staines).—(1) Mysore, Ivanhoes, and Waihis are the best on your list. Mysore, upon the basis of the last dividend and present prices give a return of 11 per cent.; Ivanhoes, 17 per cent.; Waihis, 8 per cent. (2) The brokers named may be relied upon for honourable dealing.

VARIOUS SHARES.—P. D. (Chapelized).—(1) Your list is a very good one, and, with the possible exception of No. 2, we do not think you could go wrong in buying shares of the companies named. (2) As to names of "one or two dividend-paying mines yielding 8 or 9 per cent.," upon the basis of last year's dividends (and present prices) Dolcoath would yield 9 per cent., with prospects of appreciation, Great Boulder over 11½ per cent. Libiola Copper over 10 per cent., Mysore Gold 11 per cent., Robinson 12 per cent.

KLERKSDORP PROPS.—TRAFALGAR (Liverpool).—We see little use in waiting. We should sell and cut the loss.

KAMMS ZEROGRAPH SYNDICATE.—D. M. A. (Glasgow).—Send us the papers and we will look into the matter.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—BEEHIVE (Gateshead).—Having regard to the number of years during which you have been paying in to this company we should advise you to continue with it. There can be no question as to its solvency.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—V. C. (Birkenhead).—We advise you to have nothing to do with the concern whose circular you send us, or any other that offers you 10 per cent. for money deposited.

THE REGAL FIRE AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—A. G. A. C. (Hersham).—If you applied for a situation with the company, and you are offered a post in another, the matter requires explanation, and you should invite it from the persons with whom you have been in communication.

RETAIL DRAPERY.—VERITAS (Yorkshire).—If you will send us particulars as to the price and profits, we may be better able to advise you.

NEW FOUNDERS' ASSOCIATION.—S. S. S. (Loughboro').—It is not a purchase we can recommend.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—BANBURY CAKE (Banbury).—Yes, we think so.

INSURANCE COMPANY.—P. N. (Llanhilleth).—We know nothing of the insurance company you name. It must be a very insignificant one.

GREAT COBAR COPPER.—S. G. (Wandsworth).—See our remarks in answer to "AJAX." We should not touch the other shares you name.

HOUSE PURCHASE COMPANY.—W. L. (Belfast).—The Glasgow company to which you refer is a very respectable concern.

THE BROKEN HILL MINING MANUAL, by H. A. H. RUSSELL, contains important and up-to-date information concerning the present operations and prospects of the Broken Hill Mines. Published by Effingham Wilson, 54, Threadneedle Street, E.C., price 1s.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—A WOMAN (Gloucester).—(1) Weldon's Ordinary would give you over 6½ per cent., and represent an excellent investment. The same applies to Savoy Hotel Preference, which at their present price would give you over 7 per cent. (2) There is no difficulty in disposing of shares if they are quoted on the Stock Exchange, and represent a sound security.

PURCHASE OF HOUSE.—A CONSERVATIVE ADMIRER (South Shields).—We do not quite understand your letter. Having bought a house and paid a certain portion of the purchase price, you must complete, unless you are prepared to submit to a considerable loss, for which there seems no sufficient occasion.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—BENEFIT (Stroud Green).—We do not like these 30 year bonds. The National Benefit Trust is a very well-managed concern, but we should be disposed to take the certificate.

LOTTERY TICKETS.—A. P. C. (Dover).—We have no doubt that the Christian Schools at Clonmel are very excellent schools, and of much use to the people of the district, but we think those responsible for them have taken an unfortunate course in sending packets of lottery tickets, accompanied by a circular of a very unusual character, to strangers resident in England with the object of inducing them to buy the tickets. Under the law of the land lotteries are illegal, and it is, to say the least, unusual to find the "Lord Bishop of the Diocese" made a party to what is really an illegal appeal. In saying this we do not question the *bona-fides* of the conductors of the schools, or their disinterested desire to serve them by means of this lottery.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—PERPLEXED (Basingstoke).—It is clear from the correspondence you send us that you are not indebted to the London and Paris Exchange for £3 16s. 11d., or any other sum. You have lost your £15C, and there is an end of it. We return the papers and accounts.

FRASER GREIG AND COMPANY.—W. S. McL. (Putney).—For once in a way, the predicted has happened, and the stock recommended by these people has improved in price. But you are very wise in not having stock exchange dealings with them, or, for that matter, with anybody else.

GREAT BOULDER PERSEVERANCE.—CEYLON (Sheffield).—We should cut the loss.

REXER ARMS.—ANGLO (Leeds).—The reports are favourable.

WILLIAM TYLER AND CO.—W. S. (Liverpool).—You would be very foolish to send them a penny piece. You say their circular is "different to others." But it cannot even claim originality, although it would be hard to beat for impudence. All you have to do, it seems, is to buy first-class shares at a time when large dividends are declared but not yet paid, and therefore not deducted from the quotation. According to Messrs. Tyler and Co., "ex dividend" is practically the same as "cum dividend." "Those who watch the 'dividend periods' are thus able to make a 'certainty' out of an operation in such shares, merely buying and holding them over the short period between the declaration and payment of the dividend." There must be idiots who believe in this "unique opportunity," and "absolutely secured and certain profit," or Messrs. Tyler and Co. would not go to the trouble and expense of publishing and posting their circulars.

GREAT FINGALL.—BLANC (Clapham Park).—(1) In February an official circular was published, estimating the ore reserves at 753,042 tons, of an average value of 55s. 6d. per ton. Recently another official estimate has been published, giving the ore reserves as 677,525 tons, of an average value of 45s. 9d. The February circular announced that the output would be fixed at £45,000 per month; the October circular states that the returns will be gradually reduced to between £35,000 and £40,000, unless developments in the meantime warrant an alteration. We mentioned recently that developments in No. 1 winze from No. 12 level were reported as very encouraging. Obviously, much depends upon the course of the developments.

MINING SHARES.—NOVICE.—We have little confidence in Selukwis. They would, no doubt, improve with other Rhodesians if the Chartered group can work up a little enthusiasm, as they are endeavouring to do, but the mine is a very low grade affair, and is greatly over-capitalised. On merits we should not advise. Star of the East.—No. Strattons.—There is a fair speculative chance of improvement later on.

PEKIN SYNDICATE.—S. J. R. (Camberwell).—We hear very discouraging accounts of the real position, and we fear that shareholders do not yet know the worst. The company has a large amount of cash in hand, however, and no doubt an effort will be made to attract market attention again before the end arrives. Hold for the present, but when everyone is bullish again—sell!

UNITED GOLD MINES OF WEST AFRICA.—J. J. L.—Do not purchase any more shares. West Africans may revive a little in the next few months, as some of the properties are shaping well. When they do you should sell your Uniteds. Prestea's look hopeful—they are being quietly bought by those who are in touch with the position of the property.

HOME RAILWAYS.—L. W. F.—Sell, and buy something else when the market is better through another broker. South-Western Deferred is fully valued even at present price. We should prefer North British or North-Easterns.

SANTA BARBARA.—A. C.—These shares have, we fear, ceased to have any value, but we will investigate, and if anything turns up will reply further.

GRAMAPHONE AND TYPEWRITER.—INDUSTRIA.—They are quite a speculation. The company has a good dividend record, and is undoubtedly well managed. The shares are not overvalued, in our opinion, at 55s., on merits, but you should not put your "all" into a venture of this kind. Public fancy is very changeable—at least, you would hope it would prove so, if your neighbours use their gramaphones on Sunday afternoons.

TWO ANNUITIES.—A. H. W.—We do not think your friends could do better than go to the Hand in Hand in New Bridge Street.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—W. D. (Sheffield).—They seem to have treated you with consideration. On your own showing you owe the £3, and it is to your credit that you do not want to take advantage of any technical plea to evade payment. Under these circumstances we hardly see what there was to write to us about.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—U. J. G. B. (Plymouth).—We have no information.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—DUBIOUS (Wickford).—Our information is that the company is financially sound, but we do not recommend deposits with concerns offering such high interest.

WINDUS AND CO.—J. B. C. (Norwich).—Have nothing to do with Hamburg or other foreign lotteries.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—J. E. B. (Aberdeen).—Deal with neither the one nor the other.

THE ACCIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.—E. W. (Stepney).—(1) We think you may do so. (2) It was remodelled in 1866.

JOHN ESSON, LTD.—DEFICIT (Stockwell).—The company was over-capitalised. We agree with your view.

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JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

[*We only undertake to answer short legal questions in this column. In all cases where complicated questions, involving the consideration of documents, are put to us a fee of 5s. must accompany the inquiry.*]

Allegations against a K.C. and a Solicitor.

We have received a long letter from Miss E. M. Howe, who makes various charges of professional misconduct against the Honourable Charles Russell and Mr. C. G. Gill, K.C. Miss Howe says she has taken action against these gentlemen to recover damages, and that of itself would prevent our expressing an opinion on the subject until the issue has been tried. We need hardly add that there is nothing in the statement submitted to us by Miss Howe that justifies the allegation of misconduct. It is a mere statement, supported by no proof.

The Cecil Libel Case.

With reference to the paragraphs that have appeared in this column upon the Cecil Libel Case, we have received from a lady who does not desire her name to be known, a letter in which she makes various allegations which she considers supported by a bulky pamphlet, or rather, three pamphlets, headed "The Hatfield Business." We have neither the means nor the desire, to form an opinion as to the merits of the issue between Mrs. Stanley and the Salisbury family. The matter has been tried in a Court of Law, Mrs. Stanley has been convicted of gross libel, and there the matter, so far as we are concerned, ends.

King's Bench Business.

We read in the *Law Journal* that "a further proof of the necessity for the appointment of an additional Judge is to be found in the list of King's Bench actions for the ensuing term. No fewer than 700 are entered, an increase of seven upon the number of a year ago. No reduction has been made in the arrears which have so long blocked the Division, and which have led the Lord Chief Justice on more than one occasion to urge that the judicial strength of the Division ought to be increased." We do not agree with our contemporary that the mere fact that the lists of cases awaiting trial are of an inordinate length is proof that another Judge is wanted. It is proof, and very clear proof, that something ought to be done to work off these arrears, but when the circuit system has been changed so as to avoid the tremendous waste caused by the present archaic arrangements; when the legal vacations have been reduced to reasonable dimensions; when Judges sit during the whole of the days which the law appoints for their sitting; and when the jurisdiction of County Courts has been extended, as many of the ablest lawyers have long urged it ought to be extended, it will be time enough to talk about additional Judges.

Perjury in the Courts.

According to Judge Edge, "a few lines inserted in an Act of Parliament would do much to check the glaring perjury that now goes on in the courts." "Parliament," continued the judge, "seems to think it is better to let perjury go unpunished than to risk the chance of acquittal by a jury." If by this Judge Edge means that the Public Prosecutor ought to prosecute for perjury oftener than he does, we agree. Judge Edge thinks the offence commoner now than it used to be; but that is mere surmise. What is certain is that perjury is very common in the courts, and that it is very seldom that an attempt is made to punish it. There are very few cases tried now-a-days—cases where the facts are not admitted—in which there is not perjury on one side or the other, but often it would be impossible to prove it. Yet in many cases it is flagrant. But the Public Prosecutor seldom moves. Scores of convictions for perjury could be got; there is hardly one in a year. A few prosecutions pushed home would make witnesses more careful. The courts will never be purged of false swearing, but the offence would be much less common if the Public Prosecutor did his duty.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Baird (Gravesend).—You should execute a deed of disclaimer, and not act in the trust.

Meyer (Stirling).—The court should be moved for a writ of habeas corpus, the offence not being within the Extradition Acts.

(*A large number of replies stand over.*)

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" 6 " " " 6 "
" 12 " " " 7 "
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THE SALVATION ARMY.

An Inquiry into its Record, its Strength, its Finances, and its Present Position.

II.—THE COST OF CONVERSION, AND THE TREATMENT OF THE STAFF.

In our issue of October 6th we showed that the numerical strength of the Salvation Army in London does not exceed 13,000, that its numerical strength in the country is under 100,000, and that probabilities point to a great majority of its members being converts from other religious organisations rather than rescues from the depths. But if the numerical strength of the Army is small, its cost is great, great as compared with those other religious organisations which are at work in the same field. Nor is it only that the cost of the religious work of the Army is excessive; the proportion of it borne by the members of the Army is much smaller than that borne by the members of other religious organisations. If we contrast the financial position of the Presbyterian body, which has an adult strength in the country of 83,000, or not much under the actual strength of the Salvation Army, with that of the Army, we shall find a striking difference not to the advantage of Mr. Booth's organisation. The Presbyterian body has its strength distributed among 339 congregations, their total cost being £284,354, of which £103,000 is expended on stipends. This expenditure is entirely met by the members themselves, the average membership of congregations being 250, and the average stipends £300. The Salvation Army has 1,500 congregations. If its aggregate memberships were divided into congregations of the same strength as the Presbyterians, there would be only 400 of them instead of 1,500, and the aggregate salaries now paid would allow for an average payment on this head alone of over £600 per congregation.*

Mr. Manson, whose valuable work on the "Salvation Army and the Public" (Routledge) may be confidently recommended to all who are interested in the subject, puts the aggregate cost of the officers' maintenance at £256,000 a year, and the aggregate ordinary expenditure at £375,000 (although he thinks it "quite possible that the real figure is 50 per cent. greater"); and the total contribution of members of the Salvation Army to this expenditure at £130,000, leaving a deficit of £245,000, which has to be made up by contributions from the public. These figures do not include the receipts of the Self-Denial Fund, and collections in aid of bands. Mr. Manson puts down the public contributions to the first at £50,000 out of £63,000, and he assumes that altogether the public of the United Kingdom contribute to the religious work of the Army "at least £345,000 a year."

These facts may be taken as demonstrated:—

> (1) That, while other religious denominations meet the charges for religious work from funds provided by their own members, in the case of the Salvation Army the public find nearly three sovereigns for every one sovereign found by the Army itself.
> (2) That in the case of the Presbyterian Body, whose membership is almost as large as that of the Salvation Army, £284,354 is spent, as against the £475,000 spent by the Salvation Army.

The truth is, that the organisation of the Salvation Army is out of all proportion to its numerical strength, and the result is that it is always in financial difficulties, difficulties which compel it to play the beggar when it ought to be attending to its own proper duties, which lead it to be active in such places as Brighton and Piccadilly while languid in regions like Stepney and Deptford; and tempt it to treat its staff in the way we are about to illustrate, treatment very difficult to defend upon any theory of justice, much less generosity.

The staff officers of the Salvation Army draw salaries which, though extremely moderate, are assured; the field officers draw salaries only when there is a surplus from collections after meeting certain fixed charges, and even then their salaries are very small. Assuming there are funds to pay him with, a captain, if unmarried, is entitled to 18s. a week, if married, to 27s. a week, and an allowance of 1s. or 2s. for each child according to age; and the corps also pays the rent of the officer's quarters. But very often, perhaps oftener than not, the officer does not get this salary. Before he enters upon his duties he is called upon to declare that he understands

> "That no salary or allowance is guaranteed to him, and that he will have no claim against the Salvation Army, or anyone connected therewith, on account of salary not received by him."

He must

> "Never receive any money for himself in the form of pay, or presents, or testimonials, or other gifts, beyond the amount of his regulation allowance."

And officers

> "should discourage any persons whom they may have reason to believe to be desirous of benefiting them by will from doing so, at the same time setting before them the claims of the cause they represent, and acting in this matter with the same disinterested devotion to the Kingdom of Christ as they would do in their daily labour for souls."

Having in this, and in other ways, prevented the officer from obtaining anything to supplement his regulation allowance of 18s., this allowance is not to be drawn until he has paid his rent to headquarters, tribute to the property funds, tithe to assure the salaries and expenses of Divisional headquarters. When these and other items have been met he may think of himself. The Army admits no liability to him either in respect to salary or arrears. If he does not collect more than enough to meet the demands of the Army upon him, then he must live as best he may. He must go upon the streets to beg for food, or, if he will not beg, he must starve. We have before us a letter from a man who was formerly a headquarters' officer of the Salvation Army, a very respectable man, with a good record. He quotes a letter he has received from a woman field officer addressed by her to the headquarters of the Army, in which she describes her experiences at several places.

> "I had," she writes, "many times known what it was to do my visiting without having tasted food, not having anything to eat in quarters. I have known what it was to have for dinner bread with boiling water poured on it. My clothing was entirely gone and my health broken down. I then came to ——, where I had to have medical aid, and the doctor suggested that if I got no better in the course of a day or two, it would be necessary for me to go into the infirmary. I have been under his care about two months, and during this time I have had to depend on strangers for my food, shelter, and nourishment. I always did my duty, and paid a 'Divisional' (tithe to Divisional headquarters) and sick and wounded fund (a payment to London headquarters). I think it only fair to ask you for the sum of £7 to meet my present needs."

The £7 was really wanted to make a new start with a respectable outfit on leaving the Army after years of service. A long correspondence with headquarters followed; the poor woman was referred from one staff officer to another, and at length her letters were ignored. She took refuge, ragged and forlorn, with a lady who pitied her sorrows, but survived only about ten months. Making all allowance for financial difficulties at headquarters, and the imperative need for economy, can treatment such as this be justified? We think not.

Our correspondent describes some of the officers' dwellings, or quarters, at what he calls a "hard-go."

> "The house was terribly damp, quite unfit to live in, water running from the walls. There were only two blankets, and not a change of sheets. The Lieutenant (suffering from illness brought on by the bad condition of these quarters) had to lie on a sofa in the kitchen, the bedroom not being fit to live in. The officers in question were young women."

It is not to be assumed that all young women who act as Lieutenants in the Salvation Army make the best of the quarters provided for them. No doubt some are neglectful and dirty, but surely there should be a

* It is not suggested that the members of the Salvation Army do not give according to their means, or give less in proportion than other bodies. They have less from which to give.

system of inspection that would insure cleanly and weather-proof quarters? Is there? It would seem not.

Here is a description given by Mr. Manson in his book, to which we have already referred.

> "I have this year (1906) seen places of meeting, and homes of officers, which must ruin the health and spirits of the young men and women who are consigned to drag out their existence in them. In so-called quarters the rain pelted in the passage, one old door supporting another to keep it from falling in. The upstairs room had an old iron bed, mattress, and pillows, and the paper hung in yards off the walls, from the damp. The floor was full of rats' holes, and the officer told me he had lain in that very room for days, while the rats ran over his table, and he could not help himself."

These conditions of misery are aggravated by insufficient and unsuitable food. If there happens to be one substantial soldier or friend in the corps, he will often be visited just before dinner by a brother officer on some small plea or other connected with the work, in the hope of being asked to stay to the meal. Dignity has to stand aside. One must live, or so one thinks, if one can. If there is no such friend near, and the officer has to depend on his own salary, his dinner will probably consist of bread and dripping and a few potatoes, or at best, bread and butter and a cup of tea. It seems to be even worse abroad. Here is what one of the officers employed in a foreign corps writes :—

> "The history of the Army here for the past few years represents on the one hand a life and death struggle for food, and on the other an extra tax on the charity of those connected with already burdened churches. Sometimes two meetings will result in the collection of 4d. Some days the officers in charge have not tasted food, and one herring between two was a day's supplies."

In view of these facts it is not surprising to find another officer in a letter of resignation writing :—

> "Many officers complain that they are made professional beggars, and that this has become necessary in order to support what is to them unnecessary machinery, which is too big for the organisation to carry."

Is it true either at home or abroad? If it be true, as the evidence before us suggests, what is to be said of it? Is it possible for men and women so circumstanced to give of their best to the service of Christ, and would it not be better to have fewer officers, but better paid? We are not suggesting anything like fat appointments, only wages sufficient to enable these officers to live decently, and without being for ever faced with the humiliating choice between starvation and demoralising application for assistance to the passer-by. When this is the state of things during health, what it is in sickness will be understood. The system that requires its officers to live whilst they labour under the conditions indicated, is not likely to show much consideration when they break down, and in truth no consideration is shown. When the officer ceases to be an efficient collecting agent he ceases to have any value in the eyes of "General" Booth and his lieutenants. The man has no rights; he has signed them away. He has no resources. His struggle throughout the years has been to find money enough to keep himself from starvation; he cannot hope for other employment if health and strength, or comparative strength, come back to him. Who wants a Salvation officer who has spent himself in the service of the Army? And so he is absolutely at the mercy of the General, and to the General, or those who represent him, he appeals, he writes, in his need. Occasionally he gets a pound or two thrown to him, but not often, and apparently never sympathy, nor a kindly word, nor visits that come so naturally from one ordinary sinner to another. There is no sentiment at the headquarters of the Salvation Army.

Nor is it only that men who have left the Army through ill health due to over strenuous labour in the Army are refused that reasonable help which they would get without difficulty from an average employer. When an officer, differing, it may be, on a matter of principle, from the directors of the Army, decides to resign, and seek a livelihood in some other direction, he gets no help from the Army; obstacles are put in his way. The ordinary employer wishes the man who has served him well and leaves him without quarrel good luck, gives him a useful reference as a matter of course, and helps him in any small way within his power. Is this Mr. Booth's practice? Unless our information is greatly at fault, it is not.

We have before us the evidence in a case which illustrates our meaning. A man had been in the service of the Army for many years. He was a "Colonel," and had been in command of the International Trade Department in the United Kingdom. He had represented the Army in the same capacity in Japan, in New Zealand, and in South Australia. His character was irreproachable. He retired on a question of principle, and determined to seek his livelihood in Australia. Before going he asked Headquarters to give him a few lines of commendation and introduction. They were refused. He appealed to Mr. Bramwell-Booth, who confirmed the refusal. He appealed to General Booth, who said that it was not the practice of the Army to give such recommendations. The rule had worked well, and he saw no ground for departing from it. Moreover, the recommendation might be used by someone other than the person to whom it was given. The ex-officer pointed out that what he was asking was a matter of bare justice. He was going abroad, and it would be necessary for him to assure persons to whom he applied for work that he had spent the years gone by in honourable employment. But his representations were of no avail. Salvation Headquarters look askance at men who resign upon a point of principle. There may, of course, be some explanation of the refusal to give an introduction in the case we have quoted. If so, we shall be glad to have the official explanation. General Booth will, no doubt, be able to recognise the man from the description. If not, we shall be happy to give him the name.

Again, there seems great unwillingness to allow officers of the Salvation Army to defend themselves from unjust aspersions. If an innocent man is defamed and resigns he must take no step to protect himself.

> "If"—we quote from the Orders and Regulations—"he has been unjustly dealt with, or if his reputation has been damaged, let him bear it for Christ's sake—God will vindicate him—and not do that which he knows will hurt the cause of Christ and risk the loss of souls, in order to vindicate himself and gratify the spirit of opposition, and gain a livelihood."

It will be seen what a terrible handle this gives to the unscrupulous. And there must be unscrupulous men in positions of authority in the Salvation Army as in every other human organisation.

General Booth must have found it difficult to justify, even to himself, a regulation of this kind. It is impossible to do so if the Salvation Army is to be judged by the canons that apply to other organisations, and so he claims that

> "Loyalty to the Salvation Army means loyalty to God."

Unquestioning obedience is demanded, and sought to be justified, on the plea that God is responsible. Staff Orders and Regulations contain the following pronouncement :—

> "The authority of the Salvation Army is based upon:
> "(a) The conviction that God Himself has created the Army, and therefore arranged for this particular form of Government.
> "(b) That God Himself continues to be leader of the Salvation Army, and therefore guides and influences those whom He Himself has placed in authority.
> "(c) The fact that the system of government which prevails in the Army is modelled upon methods admitted to be of Divine origin."

These are very audacious statements. One of the shortest and most pregnant verses in the New Testament tells us that "God is love." There seems to us to be very little love shown by the authorities of the Salvation Army to those who serve them. We do not underrate the difficulties with which General Booth has to contend, but they do not absolve him from treating those upon whom, after all, the success of the Army must largely depend, with consideration and justice. They are in his hands and helpless. Unfortunately the organisation is much too large for the results obtained from it. As we shall show in our next article, it could not have continued upon its present lines if it had not developed a so-called social scheme which has brought it funds. But these funds were never intended for the purpose for which they are largely employed, and, large as they are, they do not enable General Booth to provide properly for those who give their whole time to the Army, and depend upon it for food and shelter.

PETER THE REGICIDE.

By Herbert Vivian.

The Servian people—all those sturdy, simple farmers who, a few generations ago, secured emancipation by sheer prowess and pluck—implicitly believe that bad harvests, tariff wars, stagnation of trade, and other ills, are a curse imposed by Providence in retribution for the events of "the 29th of May." And even the sceptical may admit that the finger of God is righteously and relentlessly pressing upon Peter Karageorgevitch, the miserable, trembling, maundering occupant of the Servian throne.

It has been denied, on his behalf, that he was an accessory to the crime which shocked the conscience of Europe. Why there should be any hesitation to believe in his guilt, it is difficult to surmise. He was undoubtedly privy to the murder of Prince Michael in 1868, and has not been absolved of complicity in various plots against King Alexander before the butchery of 1903.

An Accomplice before the Fact.

As to his share in that ghastly tragedy, the facts are clear. Early in 1903 certain malcontent officers, many of whom had been cashiered for various offences, made what is known in Scottish history as a Band. That is to say, they drew up and signed the following document:—"We, the undersigned, make solemn oath and say that we will kill King Alexander and Queen Draga, and will place Prince Peter Karageorgevitch on the throne in their stead." (I have the names of all those who signed.) Armed with this document, George Gentchitch set out for Geneva, and requested that Peter should promise immunity to all regicides. This he readily did, but only by word of mouth. The conspirators, however, were not satisfied, and Gentchitch journeyed again from Belgrade to Geneva to demand a written undertaking. Peter then signed the following document:—"I swear that, while I and my descendants are on the throne of Servia, the conspirators and their descendants cannot be punished; furthermore, that they shall hold the highest posts in the service of the State." (March, 1903.)

The Slave of his Instruments.

This accounts for the events which followed Peter's occupation of the throne. All the regicides were rewarded and promoted. When England required their removal, before renewing diplomatic relations, four of the principal criminals voluntarily withdrew in consideration of pecuniary and other rewards; but the bulk of the regicides still occupy places of profit, if not (in their case) of honour. Indeed, Peter, always a very weak man, remains the abject puppet of his fellow-conspirators. Theirs is the reign of terror under which Servia now groans. Theirs are the arbitrary arrests, the suspension of liberties, the abolition of justice, the insecurity of life and property, which have followed a "glorious revolution." If he ever dared to resist their tyranny, he would receive a terse reminder that one palace tragedy may easily afford a precedent for another.

From all accounts, he cannot greatly enjoy the sweets of royalty. He scarcely ever sleeps, and spends most of the day and night consuming enormous quantities of old plum-brandy. Now he is little more than half-witted, and countless stories are told of his crazy behaviour.

Peter Simple.

Not long ago he went to call upon the widow of an officer. "How is your husband?" he began. An aide-de-camp whispered in his ear: "The lady's husband is dead." "Well, well, well," he exclaimed impatiently, "how is your late husband?"

Meeting an official another day, he inquired: "How many children have you?" "Five, sire." "Ah! how many boys?" "Three, sire." "Yes; and how many girls?"

His memory has almost entirely departed. He recently visited the State bank, and was received at the door by all the officials. The governor of the bank introduced himself and his staff. Peter was then conducted all over the building. On reaching the governor's office, he exclaimed peevishly, "But where is the governor? How is it that he is not here to receive me?" "But, sire," the poor man pleaded, "I am the governor. I had the honour to introduce myself when your Majesty arrived." Peter only frowned gloomily. As he was taking his departure, he observed to the bowing staff, "I consider it most remiss on the part of the governor to be absent on the occasion of my visit to the bank. He shall hear more of this."

The Regicide Taint.

Nor is Peter very happy in George, his son and heir, who shares his taste for blood. George's favourite amusement is to bury cats up to their necks in the earth, and then stamp them to death with his military boots.

Another diversion is to sit at the palace window with an air-gun and fire at people as they pass in the street. He recently inflicted a painful wound on an old lady's face. It will be remembered that the late King of Bavaria used to indulge in a similar practice.

George is, in fact, an ungovernable maniac. One day he draws his sword upon his tutor, another day he attacks some unoffending civilian, whose face happens to irritate his fancy. He has even threatened his own father, saying to him, "You are in a terrible fright that some one will kill you. Do not worry yourself. I will be the one to kill you."

Zimri's Peace.

Peter has now lost whatever nerve he may have possessed as a young man. He is more closely guarded than ever King Alexander was, even when plots against his life were daily discovered. Though only sixty years of age, he has the appearance of a very old man. When he reached Servia after the murders, he looked like a decayed military man, with a sinister, hawk-like face, marked with deep lines, greyish hair and moustache, shifty eyes. Now his face is ashen and baggy, his hair is white, his eyes are full of rheum. He shuffles along like a vendor of old clothes, and his hands have the drunkard's twitch. Any sudden noise startles him out of his few remaining wits, and he has a profound horror of the sound of firearms.

I often wonder whether, in the long night watches, —when sleep (also murdered) is denied him; when, finding no solace in his bottles, he staggers to a window and beholds the field of blood—there ever steals over his besotted mind any human feeling of remorse, any thought of sadness for the brave young king and his beloved bride, through whose awful sufferings he won his tottering throne.

The Kingdom of Hell.

Well might he exclaim with Claudius, King of Denmark:

> "My fault is past. But, oh, what form of prayer
> Can serve my turn?—'Forgive me my foul murder'?
> That cannot be; since I am still possessed
> Of those effects for which I did the murder . . . .
> May one be pardoned and retain the offence?"

No, indeed; but even, though, in a lucid or a sober interval, he may yearn to shake off his shackles and flee from his gilded cage back to the old penurious struggles of Geneva, he must realise that he is caught in the toils. The accomplices, who did the deed, are made of sterner stuff than he. They mean to hold, until the bitter end, those material comforts for which they sacrificed their honour and their souls. *The Kingdom of Hell is within him*, and he must continue to drag out his miserable existence until the people shall arise and cast him down. His only hope of release rests in the advent of a firing-party. His sole remaining solace lies in some premonition that, maybe, the sword of the avenging angel is already unsheathed, that the end of his evil days draws nigh.

"LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL."

By Lord Rosebery.

II.—WITH REMINISCENCES BY FRANK HARRIS.

There is a story of Lord Randolph Churchill which I must tell here, though it is told by Mr. Winston Churchill in his incomparable "Life," because I heard it told in a somewhat different way, and because in itself it is intensely characteristic of Randolph, in its mixture of rudeness and wit.

When Randolph was about twenty he went down to Blenheim in the Christmas holidays, and immediately began hunting with that zest which he displayed in all combats. One day, when he was out with the Berkshire the hounds overshot the scent for a moment, and, trying back, were all round Randolph, who, with his usual keenness, had got as far forward as he could. Mr. Thomas Duffield, the Master of the Berkshire, was noted for his peppery temper and uncommon command of English expletives: he rode up and slanged Randolph at the top of his voice before everyone. Randolph merely looked at him and didn't say a word; but when the hounds took up the scent again, and the field followed them, he turned his horse's head at the nearest fence and went straight back to Blenheim. Everyone thought the incident was closed, and a good many admired the way young Randolph had taken his rating.

Towards the end of the season a Hunt dinner was held in Oxford, to which Mr. Duffield and many of the followers of the Berkshire were invited. Probably because of his position, Randolph was called upon to propose the toast of "Fox-hunting."

He began by saying that he could hardly understand why he had been selected before so many better horsemen to propose this toast; he could only ascribe the honour to his intense love of sport. He had to confess that he loved all sports—not wisely, perhaps, but too well. "Of course, as an Englishman," he went on, "I think fox-hunting about the best sport in the world" —(great cheering)—"and after fox-hunting, I must say that I enjoy a good day with the harriers. I am young enough, too, to confess that I delight in ferreting rabbits in hedge-rows"—(roars of applause)—"and I remember on many a rainy morning having a rare good time with rats in a barn." Here the cheering was deafening; when quiet was re-established Randolph continued: "But if I cannot get fox-hunting, or hare-hunting, or an afternoon with rabbits, or even rats in a stack, then, rather than mug at home with a book, by God! I'd go out with Tom Duffield and the old Berkshire," bowing as he spoke to Mr. Duffield, who was on his right. There was a moment's pause, and as he sat down everyone roared with laughter. Mr. Duffield in later years used to recount the story as one of the best things he had ever heard.

An Instance of Ignorance and Wit.

When returning from India in 1885 Lord Randolph was observed by a casual acquaintance, a Mr. B., to be continually reading the same book. B. found him now here, now there, on the deck, reading, reading, always the same thing, so he stopped before him one day:

"May I ask what you are reading, Lord Randolph?"

"Kaye's 'History of the Mutiny,'" was the reply.

"Surely you have read that," exclaimed the Indian civil servant in astonishment. "I thought everyone read that in boyhood."

Lord Randolph looked up at him with a rather pronounced stare, and said slowly:

"I never read it before; I read books when I need them."

The reproof is an excellent instance, not only of his quickness to resent impertinence, but also of his extraordinary sharpness in repartee. He did read books when he needed them, and good use he made of those he read—excellent good use.

Never Recant.

Yet another story, this time from the House of Commons. In one of his speeches it came into his head to mention Origen, the ascetic father of the early Church. Randolph, misled for some reason or other, pronounced the "i" long—Origen. A gentleman on the bench behind him corrected him audibly, patronisingly, "Origen, Origen."

Randolph turned upon him, looked down into his eyes, and, grinding his foot on the ground, repeated loudly, "Origen, Origen," with the "i" long and emphasized, and then went on with his speech. It was a House of Commons story that the unfortunate pedant was never to be found in the House again; the consequences of his learning had been disastrous to him.

Lord Randolph and Tariff Reform.

In '81 I was very full of the idea of an Imperial Zollverein to bind England and her Colonies more closely together by means of differentiating duties. Randolph had seen something that I had written about it, and one morning I got a note from him asking me to come to the Carlton at three o'clock, as he wished to have a talk with me. He met me in the hall.

"Let us go upstairs," he said, "to some private room and have a talk. I am dead against your idea of an Imperial Zollverein, and all that; but I want to hear your ideas about the duties and their probable effect."

It is, I believe, one of the rules of the Carlton Club that no stranger shall be given anything to eat or drink within its walls; but Randolph, hearing that I had just lunched, asked me would I like coffee with my cigarette? I said "Yes," so he ordered the footman to bring two coffees and liqueurs. The man hesitated, evidently frightened to death. In a flash Randolph took in the situation. "Go and say it is for me," he said, "and see that it is made especially strong." The man's face smoothened out, and Randolph laughingly explained to me how he had broken another law of the Philistines.

I used whatever eloquence there was at my command to persuade him of the feasibility of the Zollverein. I spoke of it as a constructive, Conservative measure; but he would not have it at any price; he was all for Free Trade, for the open competition. "Healthier, healthier," he said continually, as if the open industrial fight were another word for open air.

"Then," I said, "you think Free Trade will always obtain in England? I don't believe it will last for another generation."

"So much the worse," he said; "so much the worse."

His Terrible Despair

Even at his best in '84-5 he was exceedingly irritable and gave rein to violent temper, without respect of persons. One Sunday he was lunching with Mrs. Jeune, and the chief Conservative Whip was also at the table. Immediately after lunch Randolph excused himself to his hostess and took his leave. The Whip followed his example, and left the room at his heels. Men winked at each other and smiled significantly, "Randolph is becoming a power." Suddenly the Whip reappeared, very red now and evidently excited. Someone "drew" him, and being too angry to consider dignity, he told how Randolph had asked him the day before to leave the luncheon party early in order to have a talk.

"I don't know why I consented," he went on, passionately; "but I did. I left with him, as you saw, and when I got into the hall just now he turned on me with a 'My God, W——, can't one ever get rid of you!' and this, after asking me as a kindness to meet him."

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

The Novel of Adventure.

As might be expected in a race of colonisers, the story of adventure, of moving incidents by field and flood and hair-breadth escapes, has always been the most popular story in England, the one which appeals most irresistibly to the majority of readers. It might, indeed, be called the English novel, so peculiar is it to our race, and so characteristic. But just as the love of outdoor games is now spreading from England to France and Germany and other countries, so the liking for the novel of adventure seems to be spreading, too, all over the continent; and this tendency appears to grow stronger as life becomes tamer.

As the wild places of the world are gradually being explored and settled up, and the high mountains all mapped and the paths from base to summit traced, and the sea itself bridled and subdued, the liking for the novel of adventure is likely to become intensified. The wild wandering and fighting blood of forgotten ancestors will not be content without adventures real or imaginary. We may expect then more novels of combat and peril in the future.

A. G. Hales: the Writer.

A short time ago I read a notable novel of adventure by the famous war correspondent, A. G. Hales; it was called "Jair, the Apostate," and now I find it appearing as the chief contribution in the French monthly magazine, *Le Monde Moderne*, carefully translated and admirably illustrated. Mr. Hales has used in this novel from beginning to end a simple, Biblical English which is both appropriate and effective. The French translator, however, seems hardly to have done justice to this curiously well-fitting garment; but otherwise the story is well rendered, and will enable the French reader to appreciate the author's extraordinary power of describing combat and sport.

Mr. Hales, known all through Australia and South Africa as "Smiler Hales," from his good-humoured smile in peace and war, is one's ideal of a "fighting man." He looks like the old pictures of a Viking, with his blue eyes, long fair drooping moustache, well-cut features and massive head. He stands, I should think, five feet ten and a-half or five feet eleven in his socks, but looks much shorter than he really is because of his breadth and weight of shoulder, and careless, easy carriage. Like the ideal Greek athlete, Hales has very small feet, but good, serviceable hands. He first became known to the rough crowd of Coolgardie gold-diggers by the way he polished off a gigantic German who, till Hales came, was cock of the walk, and a bully besides. The Homeric conflict, and Hales's victory, made him famous throughout Australia. When the South African war broke out, Hales was the first man in Australia to volunteer to serve under the old flag. But Australia and South Africa, and England, too, had more need of his head than of his hands. He was persuaded into taking a place as "Special War Correspondent," and in a short time men who wanted to know the facts began to take in the *Daily News* and to talk of this new man, Hales, who wrote what he saw and felt, and made the truth more arresting and persuasive than rhetoric.

After the war and a lecturing tour through Australia, A. G. Hales returned and settled in England with his family, and has since occupied himself with writing books of adventure, such as "Angel Jim," "Jair, the Apostate," and "McGlusky." Whenever in these books Hales has to describe a combat or struggle of any kind, he is at his best, and does better work perhaps than any living writer. But yet Hales doesn't seem to have found himself. The English environment doesn't seem to suit him: I have heard better stuff from him than he has put in any of his books.

The Best Books of Adventure.

I always think "Robbery Under Arms" is the best book of adventure in the language, better even than "Robinson Crusoe," though the style in the famous Australian novel is wretchedly bad, and the realisation of character cannot be compared with the minute painting of Defoe's Robinson; but since I first had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hales I have always wondered why he doesn't give us as great a book of adventure as "Robbery Under Arms": he knows the life in the goldfields of Australia a great deal better than Ralph Boldrewood; he is a far better writer, too, and yet we are still awaiting the masterpiece from him.

I am beginning to fear that the conditions of our modern journalistic life render it almost impossible for anyone to produce a great novel; yet Hales should have a serious try for it. I want him to leave the past, which even to the erudite is a thankless field, and come to the present, which he knows and understands. I am convinced that he could give us a romance of the goldfields which would live in boys' memories for ever, and, after all, we men are only boys of larger type.

"The Voyage of the Arrow."*

I found this out the other day when I took up "The Voyage of the 'Arrow'" by T. Jenkins Hains. It is supposed to be the story of a sailor of middle life who lost the vessel he commanded through too great daring, and has had to ship on board the "Arrow" as mate. The local colour is admirable because unconscious, and if Mr. Hains is not a windjammer he has certainly a perfect understanding of sailor-men and of a sailor's life on a deep-water clipper ship.

In the first hundred pages there is a description of a storm at sea which in exact realism it would be very hard to beat. There is nothing in Dana's famous book, "Two Years Before the Mast," better than this, and when the plot thickens, and the convicts from "The Countess of Warwick" board the "Arrow" and make most of her crew walk the plank, the realism is admirably sustained. Every moment as I read I expected the fiction to break down somewhere; but no; from beginning to end the author lives in his story, and tells it with go and swing. "The Voyage of the 'Arrow'" is one of the best boys' books I have come across for a long time, and as I say, it interested me from the first line to the last.

If I had to find a fault in the book, I should say that the love-making was a little scamped: the heroine does not live for us; the author has choked down his emotion instead of letting himself go as he might; but that, too, is in the character of the sailor-man, Gore, who narrates the story, and who feels a great deal more than he can express.

A Great Situation.

There is one tremendous scene in the book which cannot be passed over in a page, which ought to have been superbly written in order to make it live for us. The girl whom Gore loves, a Miss Waters, is on board the "Arrow" as a passenger, and when the ship is taken by the convicts she is at the mercy of the convict leader Benson: this is how Mr. Hains tells what follows:—

"At eight bells this convict, Benson, who now had command of the ship with a hundred and more men for her desperate crew, came into the after cabin. [Gore, the narrator, was bound hand and foot.]

"There were only the two men left to watch us in there of his gang, and he glanced quickly at them and then at us.

"Then he took a key from his pocket, opened the door of the captain's state-room, and entered there alone. (Miss Waters has been locked up in the state-room.)

"In a few moments I heard a piteous cry, followed by the noise of a slight scuffle. Then all was quiet. Something seemed to swell within me as if my whole life or spirit was striving to burst forth from my lashed body. I remember that I suddenly found myself with my mouth open, gasping for breath. Then I strained every nerve and sinew to start my lashings. I saw nothing but felt a strand of rope give slightly. Steadily I kept the strain until it seemed as if I was losing consciousness. Then I felt the rope part across my chest and I forced one arm free. The next instant the two men were upon me.

"They were powerful men. I struggled and fought fiercely in the vain effort to free myself, but the coils wrapped me closely from my shoulders to my ankles. I bent and doubled and struck out savagely with my free arm. But it was no use.

"They pinned me down and soon had another turn around my arm, and I lay helpless. One of the villains, however, got his hand too near my mouth, and I cut the thumb from it with my teeth as clean as if done with a knife. Then something crashed upon my head and a great flame burned before my eyes. The struggle was over."

Now, this is well told from the fighter's point of view; but it isn't well enough told to enable us to realise the horror of the situation; there should be some awful illuminating word here, to reveal the emotions of the man, as a flash of lightning sometimes shows a landscape; and there is no illuminating word: it is all honest, good, straightforward stuff; but when you imagine so tremendous a scene, the reporter's talent is not enough; one wants Rembrandt's talent, or Webster's.

Still, Mr. Hains has written a most interesting book, and I for one will keep a look-out for his next one; for he has at least faced the consequences of his scene. He saves Miss Waters' life, and though she avoids him afterwards, he seeks her out and marries her almost in spite of herself—an honest manful story excellently told.

* "The Voyage of the Arrow." By T. Jenkins Hains. (Brown, Langham and Co.)

THE SOCIALIST HERESY.

By Herbert Vivian.

(Mr. Vivian replies to his critics.)

My luminous exposure of the folly of Socialism has been questioned by three quidnuncs. Mr. J. Hunter Watts I seem to recollect, and I am always ready to argue with him in the Press or on the platform. In reply to an abortive challenge from him, I wrote to the *Kidderminster Shuttle* of May 31, 1890, inviting him to a discussion and protesting: "My Radicalism is the Radicalism of Richard Cobden, John Stuart Mill, and Charles Bradlaugh, and I acknowledge no other. It can only be a new-fangled, bastard sort of Radicalism that rejects their teachings, scouts political economy, and seeks to bamboozle the people." Of course, I now know that such heresy is not even bastard Radicalism, but the cuckoo intrusion which fluttered the nest of Progress at the last elections.

More Socialist than the Socialists.

Mr. Watts says it is news to him that Socialism "has been defined by a Trade Union Congress as a nationalisation of all the means of production, distribution and exchange." He denies, almost with an oath, that this is "a definition of anything more than the economic faith they" (the voters for the resolution) "hold in common with the great majority of Socialists." In other words, he is angry because the definition which I quoted seems to him too mild. Thus do unbalanced ratiocinators give themselves away. I point out that, under the collectivist system, which was advocated as a panacea by a Trade Union Congress, there would be stagnation and suffering for the small trader, the small investor, the worker on a small scale. Mr. Watts replies that he wants to go further, so that, if political economy and I are not wrong, millions may fare worse.

Primitive Socialists.

Mr. Watts informs me that Socialism "lived long before Collectivism had any raison d'être." I do not know that Collectivism has any excuse for existence even to-day, but I do know that Socialism lived as long ago as Barabbas and Ananias and Dick Turpin and (to give a more pleasant progenitor) Robin Hood. Mr. Watts says that "modern instruments of the great industries cannot be handled by the individual. They can only be employed collectively." But would County Councils conduct bakeries and laundries more successfully than they conduct trams and river-boats? If so, why?

The next Socialist Cabinet.

I prefer to commune with Mr. Harford Willson, who is at least lucid and plausible. His premises are often sound, though his conclusions are usually illogical. He makes an excursion (though not an alarum) by citing the names of a few eccentric persons and asking why they believe in socialism. Now Mr. Wells may be a sociologist, Mr. Crane may be an artist, Lady Warwick may be a society leader, Mr. A. R. Wallace may be a scientist, Mr. G. B. Shaw may be a dramatist, Mr. Hall Caine may be a novelist. I did not know they were. But I do know that none of them are political personages, any more than Mr. Pears, Mr. Beecham, Lord Northcliffe, or any other fellow-worker in the great modern field of advertisement.

Is Capital a Curse?

Mr. Willson is the very man I always enjoy encountering at a public meeting. He is the ideal heckler, who can always be put to confusion politely. He says that "the poor are poor because the rich are rich," thus reducing to plain language the inept sneer which some scribes levelled at Miss Krupp's trousseau. If he means anything, he means that labour can do very well without capital. Now surely any person with a vestige of common sense should know the absurdity of such a contention. I must apologise for stating elementary facts, but, unfortunately, they have to be stated when we reason with Socialists or their first-cousins, the Protectionists. Confiscate capital, nationalise capital, municipalise capital, steal it by any name you like, and it will be frittered away. Then nothing will remain to provide the expenses of machinery, to purchase stock, to pay workers during the lean years or the winter months. Why will not Socialists realise that it is not as defenders of privilege, not as admirers of trusts, not as upholders of those who grind the face of the poor, that we Radicals plead for individualism?

The Socialist Ogre.

Mr. Willson says that individualism does not exist to-day. Could anyone outside an asylum pretend that it does exist to-day? My contention is, and has been ever since I intruded upon politics, that the main reason for all the widespread misery we see growing all around us is that legislators have run their wooden heads against the immutable laws of political economy; in other words, of individualism. I agree that "the private ownership of the lives of others is hideous." But how much more repulsive would a public ownership be? The average private employer has some bowels of humanity, but a public board has neither body to be kicked nor soul to be damned. Mr. Willson says that private shops and home industries imply "shop-assistant slavery" and "detestable sweating of women and children." But the abolition of private shops and home industries would mean starvation for thousands who now contrive to keep their heads just above water.

Shorn Sheep.

He asks why, because some of us do not want to travel in trains, we should not have a pair of decent boots in which to walk. Here, alas, he gives his cause away. If trains and trams and libraries and wash-houses and other pleasant institutions are multiplied unprofitably, some one must pay for them. Now it is useless to deny that the chief burthen of rates and taxes is borne by those who are least able to afford it. At almost every meeting I addressed throughout years of political campaigning, I protested against the unfair incidence of taxation. The more rates and taxes are piled up for the maintenance of luxuries, the more the poor man's wages are shorn, and the less remains to him not merely for boots, but for meat and clothes and even bread.

O! ye who have eyes to see, why will ye not see?

All Work and no Play.

I am dallying too long with Mr. Willson, because he possesses intelligence, howbeit distorted, perhaps all the more dangerous because he seems sincere. I will conclude by protesting against his phrase, the "right to work." The right to live I admit, the right to earn a living I support, but the right to work implies the curse of Adam, the cruel law which the strong have ever imposed upon the weak, the sad fate of those who toil all their lives in vain without ever a hope, or a joy, or a glimmering of happiness. It was said of Mr. Chamberlain: "He loves the working man—he loves to see him work."

"How now! A Rat?"

I have perused the elegant expressions of Mr. Frank Harris, who, being new to politics, cannot possess either the experience of Mr. Watts or the insight of Mr. Harford Willson. I do not answer him because he seems to have answered himself, if only by his silence on all the points which were at issue. I am even unmoved by his polite suggestion of "mendacious misrepresentation" in the matter of Miss Krupp's trousseau, for I need only call his own article on the subject in witness against him. Besides, we do not fight shadows.

FOR JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

[Mrs. Bull will be pleased to receive, from her women readers, suggestions and contributions for this page.]

The Child Vagrant.

The case of the child vagrant and its dress is evidently a perplexing one to deal with. The magistrate who recently expressed his disgust at the state of affairs that allows poor little children taken up for begging and similar offences to be brought before the Court in the same dirty, ragged condition as that in which they were apprehended, was quite just in his remarks; but, on the other hand, if children are dressed in good clothing by the Board of Guardians before coming into Court, and are dismissed, they walk off with the clothes, and thus act as an encouragement for unscrupulous parents to send their children into the streets badly clad and without shoes and stockings. The problem is a vexed one. Unfortunately the sympathies of the charitable are often worked upon for no good cause, and while it behoves those who have the children's interests at heart to do what they can for the benefit of neglected little ones, there is also a duty to be performed in seeing that the ratepayers' money is not wastefully disposed of.

A Little Check.

It is a habit with not a few women in poring over bookstalls at railway stations to turn over the pages of a magazine until they have practically skimmed the contents of the number. This has become so usual a thing that at a certain busy junction station on the Underground the bookstall clerk lately felt impelled to put a check on the practice—which is certainly not conducive to preserving the freshness of the magazine cover—by posting up a pencilled hint to the effect that "This is not a free library."

Unscrupulous Women.

The unlawful acquisition of goods goes, it seems, by a different name, according to the rank of the offender. In relation to the rich, it is called kleptomania, to the middle-classes, shop-lifting, to the poor, stealing. Not long ago we heard of a "kleptomaniac" being run to earth in Madrid, and of a notorious case of "shop-lifting" in the West-end; but from what I am told there are many members of the feminine sex moving in good society who slyly perform little tricks that are never suspected by the outside world, but are scarcely less reprehensible than actual dishonesty. For example, an ex-maid has let out the not very creditable little secret of a hobby on the part of her late mistress to solicit, for approval, one or two new evening dresses from firms she dealt with, wear one of the frocks at a soirée, and return all on the following day, the maid having carefully ironed out any crumples in the worn gown. The same sort of thing goes on with certain patrons of second-hand clothes marts or dress exchanges, and, oddly enough, it is not only women who have to "keep up an appearance on nothing" who are guilty of such artifices, but the sinners also include those fairly well off, and who descend to little meannesses of the kind merely "for the fun of the thing." Another way certain women have is to shirk payment of some trifling sum that really matters nothing to them. Only the other day a confectioner in the "Court suburb" was relating to me some instances that have come within her experience of the well-dressed woman behaving in this way, and quoted the case of a customer in the habit of coming to the shop two or three times a week, who one day bought more than she could then and there pay for, to the extent of sevenpence. It was eight months before she made her appearance in that quarter again, and then, of course, the trifling debt had slipped her memory. Another customer, owing threepence, for the next six months carefully crossed the road each time she approached the shop; and a third, whose deficit was a trifle, for weeks afterwards actually took a circuit round the adjoining streets to avoid passing the shop window. It is a common thing, it appears, for well-dressed women, ordering a glass of milk or a bun, to find, after disposing of their modest little lunch, that they have either empty or no purses. With a little laugh and promise to look in again, they depart, to return never more.

The Power of Dress.

The temptations of dress lead women into absurd extravagance, and, as a rule, the wedding trousseaux of the moneyed classes run into exorbitant sums. But, at least, one rich woman sees the folly of spending a fortune on her wedding outfit simply because she is the possessor of wealth, for Miss Bertha Krupp, one of the richest women in Germany, has, it is said, provided herself with a wedding trousseau at a cost of considerably less than £100. From the dressmaker's point of view I suppose this is very wicked of her; but there are other ways of disposing of money to advantage than by feeding up dress-making establishments. The power of dress is, of course, great, and it is as foolish to ignore the fact and dress unbecomingly, either through indifference or for the sake of proclaiming to the world that you have a soul above frocks, as it is to spend the bulk of your income on your back. Dress can deform or beautify; but in order to dress well, it is not only a question of money. Success in toilette matters depends chiefly on taste, coupled with which, small means can do more than a fortune without it.

The Motorist and Her Clothes.

The motorist who likes to clothe herself expensively will rejoice in the splendid new coats of fur, prepared for her special benefit by those who minister to her sartorial needs. The ideal coat is of sable—a luxurious affair lined with satin, and boasting beautiful buttons of tortoiseshell inlaid with gold. One or two long coats of rich sealskin, with chinchilla collars and revers, are also very cosy and becoming; and pony-skin, although it cannot compare for beauty with the other furs mentioned, still accounts well for itself when of the best quality, and manipulated into a long, well-cut motor-coat, strapped, perhaps, with inch-wide bands of stitched leather. Fur-lined coats of cloth, with deep collars and cuffs of fur, are also at the service of the automobilist, one such coat, of dull green cloth, having a lining of squirrel-lock and fronts rolled back with sable, and crossing one another just above the waist, so that the fur suggests long revers. A deep collar of sable, that can be turned up to the ears in bitter weather, trims the neck, and there are nice, big pockets right and left. Mushroom motor-hats of stitched felt ring the changes with close-fitting toques.

REMARKABLE CURES OF DEAFNESS.

Electricity Succeeds Where All Other Treatment Fails.

When a person has been deaf since youth, and, after twenty, thirty, or even forty years, is quickly and permanently cured, so that he hears perfectly, by a certain system of treatment, it stands to reason that such a method is of utmost importance.

Such surprising instances are not rare and remote exceptions, but are occurring to many people in the United Kingdom to-day, and their statements, their names, and their addresses are open to verification by everyone.

Men and women of all ages and classes who have suffered from varying degrees of deafness, and of attendant ailments, such as singing noises in the head, buzzing in the ears, etc., have in gratitude to the specialist whose name this system bears, written willingly of the successful result of the treatment for the benefit of others; in proof of the efficacy of the method, which, to quote the expression of many, is "*absolutely marvellous.*"

To obtain the benefit of this system one does not need to go to the expense of a visit to London, but can adopt the treatment at home without the slightest inconvenience.

The basic principle is electricity, that potent power which has been applied in so many new and wonderful ways to scientific medical progress during recent years. Great otological authorities have for a long time agreed that the application of electricity in cases of deafness is capable of producing remarkable cures, but hitherto an easily applied method of self-treatment has not been obtainable.

It has remained for Professor Keith-Harvey to supply such a means, and he has admirably succeeded. It is gratifying, indeed, for those afflicted to be able to read the experiences of hundreds of others, many being cases which were thought incurable, to realise that a speedy home remedy may be so easily procured.

Amongst the great number of testimonials it is not difficult for those afflicted to find that similar cases to their own have been successfully treated, and, indeed, numbers of these had been given up by medical practitioners or had lost hope of relief by their futile efforts to obtain a cure from advertised methods.

Few people understand the anatomy of the ear and the causes of deafness, but in the illustrated book which Professor Keith-Harvey has published, anyone may easily read and understand not alone how deafness is caused, but the reasons why his system of applying electricity is so effectual. This treatise, together with numerous testimonials, will be sent gratis and post free to any reader of John Bull who requests it. (A post card will do.) Address Professor Keith-Harvey (Room 1 A), No. 117, Holborn, London, E.C.—[Advt.]

JOHN BULL'S PICTURE POST-CARDS

[John Bull *drops a few post-cards to some of his friends and acquaintances.*]

XLVI.

A Monsieur Wright, Le Grand Cocher du Lor Maire, London.

Your Excellency,—How do you carry yourself since your return from Parry? I understand you had a fine time of it. It was "vive le" you everywhere, they tell me. Vous parlez Francais maintenant, sans doute, n'est-ce pas? Sorry to hear it. You should have taken twelve lessons before you went. However, "Oui," "Non," and half-a-sovereign will, with a bit of luck, take you a long way in Paris—en effet, as far as a café and back. You would have some swassante, of course; it is a favourite drink over there, as you know. One swassante lasts ung mownseer all the evening; give him a swassante, a newspaper on a stick, a comfortable chair well to the front, and a sight of the cinematograph through the trees, and he will enjoy himself for hours. On the other hand, one swassante doesn't last an Englishman more than half a minute; there is so little of it in the glass, and a front seat costs him, in thirsty weather, about forty swassantes an hour, though Scotsmen have been known to do it cheaper—more bon marché, as they say.

Fine city, isn't it, anyhow? Even the children speak French, as you would notice. This is because they learn young. By-the-way, did you perceive la mère in the garden, or la soeur with the plume, or le frère avec the umbrella of the aunt? If not, you missed a treat, I can tell you. Next time you drive a Lor Maire de Londres through les rues, look out for 'em. Did you have a bath in a ten franc hotel? Non? Dear, dear! What's the good of going to Paris if you miss things? When you ask for a bath (call it ung bang, urng bang, or any old thing you like) la domestique brings the water to you in a soup-plate, or a basin, and you stand on your head, place the basin upside down on the right large toe, or the large right toe, and let the water drip down. Then you wait till you are dry. If you do not like it, you can wait till it rains one dark evening, and then stand out in it altogether.

You should have had a French hair cut, too, and a French shave, with the brush half-way down your throat. Sorry I can get no more on this postcard, though it's a double one. Je vous prié, monsieur, d'agreer mes cordialités empressées.

John Bull.

XLVII.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, K.C. Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Dear Mr. Asquith,—I see that the pressure put upon you in your constituency of East Fife through the eccentricities of Miss Billington and Co. induced you to receive a deputaion of ladies who desired to argue their right to vote. You are not, however, a very revolutionary, pliable, or sympathetic person; and after the Battle of Cavendish Square, during which you fled by the back door while the Suffragettes were occupied in kicking the shins of the policemen on the beat, I am not surprised that you snuffed out the loquacity of the deputation with the remark that you could not perceive any evidence of a demand for a Parliamentary franchise on the part of British women.

In this declaration you were no doubt on safe ground. The fact that you were able to emerge from the throng without visible loss of hair may, perhaps, be accepted as a sign that the Suffragettes have become sobered by tribulation. They are, in truth, the derision of their sex. Whatever the abstract justice of Woman Suffrage, not one woman in a thousand wants it, and not one woman in ten thousand will wave a banner, or make a speech, or chase a Cabinet Minister, to get it. When I see them rush from the shop windows to join Miss Billington I shall be glad to put my hat under my arm and lead the procession.

Hope you have enjoyed your holiday, and that you have got something good up your sleeve for the next budget. Any more dead millionaires?

John Bull.

XLVIII.

To General Ouchakoff, of St Petersburg, New York, Havre, Londo , and the next station.

Mon General,—You have my sympathy, but don't be a fool. I am glad to see that you have gone back home, and laid down your revolver and your sword. Light a cigar, quench your thirst for vengeance on the villain Essipoff in a bottle of the best, and then get on your knees and thank heaven that Madame Ouchakoff is no longer on the list of your permanent expenses.

So far as I can see, you won't do any good by chasing Essipoff all over the earth just to get a chance of perforating him like a pepper-box, or making a large rent in his bosom; for if you go too far, you may find him waiting for you in some country where there are not many people about, and the perforations or the rent may be in you instead of being in him. *Prima facie*, even a live Essipoff is better than a dead Ouchakoff, or, at least, it would be if I were Ouchakoff. What you want most, mon general, is not vengeance, but philosophy, an early decree of divorce, and a wife who is twice as loving and a great deal prettier.

Publish a notice in sixty-nine languages that you won't spend another kopeck on chasing your wife and her lover, as they are not worth it, and that you have given up advertising. You won't miss the lady after awhile, especially if you get another wife; you may even come to wish that Essipoff had run away with her years sooner. Give up fooling around with lethal weapons, cheer up, and read John Bull. It warms the heart, soothes the nerves, and cools the brain.

John Bull.

THE SEA QUEEN.

(Not by Tennyson.)

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I must swim the Channel before the glad New Year.
The water will be very wet, and so shall I be, too;
Yet I must swim the Channel before the year is through.

I've had my photo taken in many a pretty pose,
Both in my bathing costume and in my Sunday clothes.
I've written testimonials for meat extracts galore,
And I must swim the Channel before the year is o'er.

There's many another swimmer, but none can swim like me—
Miss Kellerman and Burgess, and another two or three.
It'll be a trifle crowded, but I'll soon give them the slip,
For I shall swim the Channel and quite enjoy the trip.

I've been interviewed by pressmen, and have told them pretty tales
Of how I trained on mustard seed, with ptarmigans and quails.
I've practised calisthenics just to keep myself in form,
For I must swim the Channel while the water still is warm.

I have had my biceps measured and my dorsal vertebræ
And I've sent the figures round to all the papers day by day.
I have bought a lovely costume, but I mustn't wear it yet,
For I must swim the Channel, and I mustn't get it wet.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the gladdest time of all this gladsome year.
So set the alarm clock early, I *must* be up ere day,
For I must swim the Channel right from Dover to Cal*ais*.

F. W. T.

THE DUEL.

"JOHN BULL" BACKS THE LITTLE 'UN. THAT TRUSTY CLUB'S A LITTLE TOO "TRUST"-Y FOR HIS FANCY.

CHURCH, CHAPEL, AND CHILD.

THE SECULAR VIEW.

By. G. W. Foote, Editor of the *Freethinker*.

[*The Education question has been so fully discussed from the point of view of Church and Chapel that we make no apology for giving the Secularist view, as explained by the President of the National Secularist Society.*]

There are two avowed Agnostics in the present Liberal Cabinet. The reader need not take my word for it; he may accept it on the authority of Mr. W. T. Stead, who is a well-known Christian. One of these avowed Agnostics is Mr. John Morley, the other is Mr. John Burns. How many unavowed Agnostics there are in the Cabinet I do not know, and if I did I should not tell.

Will the reader please note that Mr. John Morley and Mr. John Burns have both left the Education Bill to the care of their colleagues in the House of Commons? Why? Is it because they cannot say much good of it, and prefer not to say evil? Or is it because they feel that this is a Nonconformist Bill, as the previous one was a Church Bill, that it really does not concern them as Agnostics, but that it must be allowed to go through without opposition as the price of Nonconformist support at the last General Election?

The Case of South Hackney.

If the latter is their real reason, I believe they are under a misapprehension. There are two hundred Free Churchmen amongst the Liberal members of Parliament, but does that represent the strength of Dissent in the constituencies? I know of only one constituency in which Nonconformists set up a candidate of their own. Mr. Bottomley was not considered pious enough to sit for South Hackney, a minister of religion was fetched out of a chapel to oppose him, and was supported by the official Liberal organs, including the dear *Daily News*. And with what result? Mr. Bottomley won the seat by a tremendous majority, and the Dissenting minister cut a most ignominious figure at the bottom of the poll.

There cannot, I think, be any doubt that a curious concurrence of favourable circumstances has given the Nonconformists a big advantage in the present House of Commons, and they are using it for all it is worth, well knowing that they may never have such an opportunity again.

Simple Bible Teaching.

The educational policy of the Nonconformists is "Simple Bible Teaching." They say that this is fair all round. They deny that it is in any way to *their* interest. But as they like it, and Churchmen, Catholics, Jews, and Freethinkers do not, the probability is that it serves their turn in some manner. If we look into the facts closely we soon perceive that "Simple Bible Teaching" is just the quantity and quality of religious instruction that can be given in the schools consistently with Nonconformists having a good chance in the handicap race for the capture of the children. It really gives them the *best* chance, for it is in a line with the Evangelical theory of the Bible which they hold, but which High Churchmen (at least) and Catholics repudiate.

"Simple Bible Teaching" is a simple phrase to look at, and a supernally difficult one to explain. Protestant doctrines are all derived from the Bible; Catholic doctrines are all illustrated from the Bible; yet Catholics call Protestants heretics, and Protestants call Catholics idolators. Evidently, then, to begin with, Simple Bible Teaching is not as simple as it looks. Moreover, the Catholics, the Protestants and the Jews have three different Bibles—as every scholar, and indeed every one tolerably well-informed on the subject, is perfectly aware; so that Archbishop Clifford, Archbishop Davidson, and Archbishop Bourne could sit together (if one room would hold them) for twelve months without agreeing as to *which Bible* should be used in the nation's schools.

The Real Issue.

The truth is that the catchwords of this Education controversy are intended to cheat the thoughtless crowd of voters. They do not impose upon the leaders of the various religious parties, who quite understand that the real object for which they are struggling is the control of the religious teaching in the elementary schools.

There is not a single word about education in the Education Bill. It is simply a measure for the readjustment of ecclesiastical power. This is further proved by the declarations made in the House of Commons in the heat of the debate. Mr. Birrell declared himself a Nonconformist and the son of a Nonconformist; Mr. Lloyd-George declared himself a Welsh Free Churchman; Mr. Balfour declared himself an Anglican; Mr. Tim Healy moved the House with his passionate declaration of Catholicism, and so on all round the compass. Now the very fact that these declarations were made shows there is something radically wrong. Members of Parliament should have nothing to do with each other's religion. They are there as citizens, representing citizens, to do the work of citizens, which can never legitimately be anything but secular.

The Battle of the Churches.

Education in this country has always been the battle ground of religious parties. What education the children got was merely by the way, so that we are the worst educated nation, except Russia, in what is called the civilised world.

Mr. John Morley ventured to tell the truth in his "Life of Gladstone." He said that the "quarrels about education and catechism and conscience" in 1870, only "masked the standing jealousy between church and chapel." This is equally true to-day. I know that Dr. Clifford, in one of the latest of his innumerable and evasive letters to the Press on this subject, notices this statement only to deny it. "It is not so," he says, "our solution is the civic solution." And then he goes on repeating his old *blague* about the Bible being "the best citizen's book" and "the book of Humanity"—all which is as repulsive to Catholics and Churchmen as it is to Freethinkers. For the Bible is first and last a book of religion, and not a book of ethics or literature—and, with all his slippery talk, it is really as a book of religion that Dr. Clifford himself wants the Bible to be kept in English schools. It was not for the sake of ethics or literature, but for the sake of religion, that Dr. Clifford's chapel was built—just like Saint Paul's or Saint Peter's. And what is the use of juggling with words and confusing issues? All men are not fools, and Time carries an inevitable logic—the logic of facts.

The "Unsectarian" Bubble.

Logically, nothing is possible but Secular Education. Nearly every leading statesman has admitted it. Dr. Clifford is obliged to talk about "unsectarian" education as the Nonconformist ideal. But it does not, and cannot, exist, in the sphere of religion. There are no "simple" Christians in this country; there are Catholics, Churchmen, Wesleyan Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, and members of the two hundred other denominations; the teachers in the schools belong to these denominations, and it is inconceivable that they could teach religion, even from the Bible alone, without giving it their own denominational colour.

Besides, Christianity itself is sectarian—a point which all the religious parties steadily ignore. Christians are numerous, of course, but there are others. Dr. Clifford says that the two million of Church communicants are not the nation. Neither are the less than two million *bonâ fide* members of the Free Churches the nation. Nor are both lots the nation, even with the Catholics thrown in. The statistics of church and chapel attendance show

that three-fourths of the people of England never darken the doors of a place of worship. And although organised Freethought is not a very powerful thing in this hypocritical country, men of the world know that there are crowds of unbelievers under the rose. And what is it that *all* the religious parties want to do? To take the money of all those outsiders, in the shape of rates and taxes, and apply it to the teaching of such forms of Christianity as can get a place in the national scramble.

Real Unsectarianism.

This policy of the religious parties is rank brigandage. It is even worse than that. Peace and progress cannot reign in the sphere of education until religion is banished from it. The sects must be driven out of the schoolroom, or we shall go from bad to worse. We are behind France, behind Germany, behind America, in Education. Before long it will be a question of life and death. Under the shadow of this constant quarrel of the Churches, we are sacrificing education, neglecting practical ethics, and breeding social anarchy. The salvation of a people depends upon its thinking, its thinking depends upon its education, and its education depends upon the schoolmaster and the scientist being separated from the priest and the theologian. Civilisation is the secularisation of public life. Education has yet to be secularised—and if we don't do it soon we shall be too late.

The Witness of Japan.

All sorts of things are said about the evil consequences of Secular Education in other countries. They are all lies. Figures prove that Secular Education has done great good in Australia and in France, the two countries particularly mentioned. And how silent the clerical false witnesses are about Japan! That wonderful nation has had Secular Education for forty years. She decided not to engage in training candidates for heaven; she set herself to train up citizens of earth; and the result is written, not only in flashing victories on land and sea over a giant enemy, but also in the noble humanities of a wise and temperate peace. As a Secular Educationist, I point, over the heads of our ambitious and quarrelsome theologians, to the great example of Japan.

The Secular Solution.

And now a word in conclusion. It is said that the English people will not have the "Secular Solution." When did they have the chance? Has it ever been offered them? Who has the right to say they would refuse it? The Trade Union Congress at Leicester, by over a million votes to five thousand, resolved in favour of Secular Education, and has been of that mind ever since. And from this fact alone I think it quite possible that a *referendum* by ballot would relegate religion to the homes and churches, and free the schools from its discords and perplexities.

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THE HAIR.

Its Treatment in Health and Disease.

On reading the latest edition of what may be described as a popular standard work upon the human hair, one is forcibly reminded that it is generally the writer with the greatest knowledge of his subject who tells what he has to say in the plainest and most convincing language. For whilst the work at present under review is by no less an authority on the scalp and its hairy covering than Mr. Warner Oliver, it is yet in so popular a style, and describes so simply the causes of the disorders to which our hair is nowadays prone, that there is not one line in it of dry, technical phraseology; on the contrary, it forms most generally interesting and informative reading. It also has no eccentric theories to propound, nor has it any nostrums to advertise. There are very few people—at any rate, amongst those of us who lead strenuous lives—of over 40, 35, or we might even say 30 years of age, who do not begin to show some signs of hair trouble. It may be the small but ever increasing bald patch which commences at the back of the crown of the scalp is becoming visible, or that a few grey hairs are making an appearance just around the temples, or hair is beginning to be found left in the comb or brush in larger quantities than it should be, or that there is scurf or irritation. Whatever the particular form it takes may be, sure it is that our hair and scalp are amongst the first parts of the anatomy to feel the strain of over-exertion, worry, ill-health, or neglect. This book has a distinct purpose other than the mere description of the physiology of the hair and its disorders. This object is to dispel a popular fallacy about the treatment of the hair. After reading it one cannot imagine how one could have been so foolish as to have laboured under such a mistaken idea, but probably nearly every reader of these lines does so more or less.

Incidentally this mistake which so many people make is a very striking proof of the power of advertisement in the present day, for it is by advertisement that we have all more or less come to look to some hair restorer or medicine as the proper thing to have recourse to when our hair shows such signs of disorder as falling, turning grey earlier in life than it should, becoming lank, brittle, scurfy, or, in fact, any other of the hair mischiefs which are so prevalent. This book demonstrates how utterly absurd is such a course. Its author shows that if your hair falls out it may come from any one of half a dozen different causes, each of which would require radically different treatment from each of the others. How, therefore, could any one remedy do for each of six people whose hair was falling owing to these six different reasons.

It is not very common to see a woman ferfectly bald, but the weaker sex suffer quite as much as men; in fact, the rapid thinning of the hair which they will notice from time to time is to them very distressing. This thinning of the hair is a form of baldness, but whereas with men the loss of a few hairs shows quite distinctly, the long hairs of a woman's head serve at first to hide her loss.

It is the first symptoms of hair disease that must be attacked if there is to be a cure.

Nature never gives a warning in vain. As when a ship at sea is seen flying her signals of distress, every passing vessel stops to inquire whether she can be of any service, so when Nature speaks to us of coming troubles, either great or small, as she does in the appearance of scurf and greasiness in the hair, we are expected to take the given opportunity of remedying or avoiding the disorder foretold.

Greyness, which as the author points out, makes a premature appearance in nine cases out of ten, also has varied origins in most instances. And so he touches upon each of most common hair troubles not merely making statements, but telling the why and the wherefore of his opinions. It would not be fair to author or reader to tell more here, since we imagine that every one of our readers who has any hair trouble will read this book for themselves. Suffice it to say that it is a most cheery work, for Mr. Warner Oliver's wide experience has brought him to the conclusion that no one need be resigned to the loss of hair or greyness until very late in life—if then. He gives instances in which men and women of 50, 60, 70, and even 80 years were, by adopting advice such as his book contains, able to restore the color to grey hair and to grow new hair.

Mr. Warner Oliver is determined to remove the ignorance which prevails on the subject of the hair and at his own expense has prepared this book, and is, further, willing to send a free copy to any reader who has hair trouble, and who mentions JOHN BULL and states whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other title. Mr. Warner Oliver's address is 4, Hollès Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

A NOVEL DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENT.

By Phil Hemyng.

"By the way, dear," observed Mr. Cumble, a middle-aged, clean-shaven gentleman, as he and his young wife were driving home from the station at the conclusion of their honeymoon, "I think I told you about my first wife, Martha, did I not?"

"Yes, dear," replied the bright young girl by his side. "You divorced her, did you not?"

"Just so, just so; she had a most terrible temper, and was altogether an impossible woman for the wife of a man of my sensitive disposition."

"Poor dear," murmured the girl, as she laid her hand softly upon him; "how you must have suffered!"

"Oh, I did. None will ever know; but Martha had one redeeming point—she is a marvellous cook."

"Indeed?"

"The soups and gravies that woman can make are a perfect revelation."

"Really?"

"And her entrées, especially her curries, were fit for angels' food."

"Poor little me can't cook a bit," said the new-made wife with the suspicion of tears in her voice. "If I try and make a cake, it's always like lead, and even with coffee it's either burnt or else gritty like eating brown sugar."

"Then the arrangement that I have made will probably suit you as well as me."

"What is that?" asked the girl curiously.

"Why, after parting with Martha, I hired no fewer than five cooks in six months," explained Mr. Cumble, "but with the most awful results. The first one used to cook everything to rags, the second sent everything to table half raw, the third one got drunk three times a week regularly, the fourth robbed me right and left, and the fifth—oh, she was the worst of all, she used margarine instead of butter in her cooking, and nearly killed me with dyspepsia. Horrible! horrible!"

"Poor John, how I feel for you," sympathised the girl.

"Then it was that I thought of Martha and her exquisite cookery," continued Mr. Cumble; "and after a little consideration I wrote and offered her fifty pounds a year to come and cook for me."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated his wife.

"But I stipulated," Mr. Cumble went on hastily, "that she was to live entirely in the basement, and never to speak to me except through the telephone, which is laid on all over the house."

"How dreadful!"

"Oh, no, not at all. She has her suite of rooms downstairs, and lives her life according to her lights, while I have the most admirably-cooked meals that any man can get outside a club or a hotel."

"And she never speaks to you?"

"Except she has some complaint to make about the irregularity of the butcher, or the inferior quality of the milk, or the cussedness of the gas-stove, and then she grumbles through the 'phone. It sounds funny, I must admit, but I can assure you, my dear Belle, that it works most admirably."

"Well, dear, if it pleases you, and you don't think that she will want to scratch my eyes out or tear off my hair, I have no objection."

"Spoken like my own little darling," and as he stooped down to kiss her, the cab drew up in front of his house.

Repugnant to her feelings as the arrangement was, Belle could not help acknowledging that the dinner that evening was excellent, and there was no fault to be found next morning with the breakfast, which was everything that could be desired.

Just as she was preparing to start on a voyage of discovery round her new home, her husband hurried into the room and exclaimed:

"My dear, I shall have to run away at once in order to meet a man on some important business. Will you please order dinner?"

"Yes, dear; what would you like?"

"Oh, something quite simple—say, a spoonful of thick soup, a little bit of fish. a roast duck, and what do you say to a shoulder of mutton with *sauce soubise*?"

"Very nice, dear."

"All right, then, there's the telephone over in the corner; you know how to work it? Good-bye, dear; take care of yourself. I shan't be late."

A quick kiss, and he was gone, and Belle made her way to the 'phone.

It was an arrangement which could be switched on to "kitchen," "study," "smoking-room," and half-a-dozen other apartments, and having put the peg in the proper hole, Belle rang up the kitchen, and the following conversation ensued:

"Hullo!"

"Are you the cook, please?"

"Yes, who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Cumble."

"Oh, the new wife. What do you want?"

"I want to order dinner, please."

"Oh, do you?" with a world of meaning.

"Mr. Cumble desired me to order some soup. I think mock turtle will be nice ——"

"Oh, rubbish! Mock turtle always makes him ill; we'll have tomato. Well?"

"Then he wanted some fish. A piece of salmon, I think, with ——"

"Salmon's out of season. Besides, it's too rich for him. We'll have boiled cod and oyster sauce."

"Very well, and then a shoulder of mutton with *sauce soubise*."

"That won't do; we had mutton yesterday. I'll order a sirloin of beef. Yes, what next?"

"Oh, a roast duck, please."

"Roast duck always makes him bilious. Let's say a chicken curry. He hasn't had one for some time."

"All right, and then as to sweets?"

"Oh, I can't be bothered with sweets. He doesn't eat them, and neither do I. If you want sweets you must order them from your confectioner."

"But I thought you were the cook, er ——"

"I'm cook for Mr. Cumble, not for you, so now you understand."

Belle was moving away from the telephone with feelings more easily imagined than described, when it occurred to her that she had forgotten to order lunch. Returning to the instrument, she again rang up the "kitchen."

"Well?"

"I forgot to speak about lunch. I should like a nice little ——"

"You'll have the cold leg of mutton that was left from dinner last night with mashed potatoes." And the bang with which the receiver was hung up at the other end of the 'phone showed that the interview was terminated as far as the cook was concerned.

Belle was pretty, but she was not a fool. She was also young, but not altogether inexperienced, so the bad quarter of an hour that she had just gone through made her think.

The present state of things was evidently impossible, but the difficulty was how to effect an alteration without upsetting the matrimonial apple-cart.

It was a hard nut to crack, but the result of Belle's cogitations was apparent when she handed her husband a light for his cigar after dinner.

"I'm so sorry, dear," she murmured sweetly; "but, do you know, Martha's cooking doesn't suit me a bit."

"What do you mean?" growled Mr. Cumble. "She is an admirable cook."

"She may be for you, dear," replied Belle; "but I can't stand her at any price. P'raps you noticed that I didn't eat any dinner?"

"Yes, I did"—which was a story, for he was too busy enjoying his own meat to take any notice of anything else, "and I wondered whether you weren't well."

"Oh, yes, I'm quite well, thank you," answered the girl, "but her flavourings are too—— I don't know how to describe it."

"It must be imagination, my dear."

"Oh, no, it isn't indeed. I shall never be able to eat anything she cooks."

"But what are we to do?" queried the man in alarm. "I can't part with Martha. A strange cook will kill me entirely."

"Oh, no, dear, of course not," cooed his wife softly; "but as you've got your cook, there can be no harm in my having mine."

"Your cook! What do you mean?"

"Yes, dear, and after lunch when I felt so ill ——"

"What did she give you?" interrupted Mr. Cumble.

"Cold mutton, dear, with last night's potatoes warmed up."

"The devil!"

"I came to the conclusion that it would be better if I had my own cook, and so I've sent an advertisement to the paper for an experienced *chef*."

"But, my dear girl, think of the expense," expostulated her husband.

"Oh, of course, I shall pay for him," explained Belle. "I can well afford a hundred and fifty a year out of my private income, and I don't suppose he would cost more, do you?"

"I should think not, indeed," answered Cumble; "but I don't see how we can manage it. There won't be room for

him downstairs; besides, they'd be quarrelling like man and wife!"

"I thought of that, dear, and I find that there will be plenty of room on the top floor. He can have his suite of rooms up there, and it will cost a mere nothing to turn the large back attic into a kitchen and fix up a lift to communicate with the dining-room."

"But will it be proper? Do you think people will say anything?"

"There can be no more harm, dear, in my having a man cook upstairs than in your having a woman cook down below."

This was unanswerable, and much as he disliked the plan, there was only one alternative, which was to get rid of Martha, and this he was determined not to do.

Accordingly a handsome young *chef* was engaged, and duly installed upstairs, and then for a few weeks might have been seen the strange spectacle of husband and wife dining at the same table and frequently upon similar articles of food cooked in different ways by different artists.

Sometimes Mr. Cumble was tempted by the look or the smell to sample one of his wife's dishes, but Belle could never be persuaded to eat anything that had been dressed by Martha.

One morning, about a month after the new scheme had been initiated, just as they were going down to breakfast, the parlour-maid knocked at the bedroom door.

"If you please, sir," she observed, nervously, "Mrs. Martha isn't nowhere downstairs; and, please, m'm, I can't see nothing of Mossoo Adolf, but I found this letter for you on the gas-stove.'

Belle tore open the envelope, and, with her husband looking over her shoulder, read the following:

"Friday evening.

"Chere Madame,—E'et vas impossible for two kings to rain in von empire, or two chefs een von house, so ve has to leve you.

"Madame Martha et moi meme are goin' to be marié to-morrow, and ve sall open ze 'Restaurant Martha' een ze Rupert Street, and sall be glad to see you and M. Cumble at any of ze times.

"'Oping you vill accept our respec'ful devotions,

"Ve are, chere madame,

"Yours respec'fully,

"Adolf Printemps."

That was the end of the dual system.

THE BARMAID'S BANE.

PENNY IN THE SLOT.

Not only are barmaids being dispensed with in many parts of the British Empire, but their places are being taken on the Continent by automatic drink-serving machines.

Farewell, sweet Hebe, fare you well,
Who once resplendent shone,
Invention sounds your parting knell,
Your occupation's gone.
No more your dainty hands will mix
The corpse-reviving tot,
For in your place they mean to fix
The Penny-in-the-slot—
The non-erratic, automatic
Penny-in-the-slot.

Where once our passion deep we'd tell
And gaze within your eyes,
We'll merely come our thirst to quell,
Which, worm-like, never dies;
Where once when asked a drink to tick
Your verbal shafts you shot,
We'll hear upon the counter click
The Penny-in-the-slot—
The give-no-credit once-its-said-it
Penny-in-the-slot.

No evening out, no wages high,
At most, a drop of oil—
No stubborn corks, no "mind your eye!"
No dainty hands to spoil.
Though landlords have in days of old
Exasperated got,
On no occasion will they scold
The Penny-in-the-slot.

The Prodigal.

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THOSE TEN MINUTES.

By M. L. R. Breslar.

Chance, some years ago, threw me into daily contact with Jim Kramer, a renegade Jew. I was a briefless barrister, then, with a wonderful lot of time on my hands, which I unselfishly devoted to Jim. We met at a restaurant, and played chess. I beat the old buffer, and we became warm friends. One day he confided to me his supreme aversion to "the chosen," was glad I was not one of them, and appointed me sole administrator of his estate, for the benefit of his only daughter, who still professed the Hebrew faith.

Time went on, and the tide turned for me. Jim "pushed" me for all he was worth among his rich friends, till I found myself one day head of the Chancery Bar—aye, and well under forty. I had arranged to assume the maternal name of Mendoza, by deed poll, in order to make known my Hebrew kinship and sympathies. One morning a telegram, addressed to Herbert Chalmers, was brought to my rooms in Lincoln's Inn. It summoned me to the bedside of my old friend. It was a painful meeting. He drew me to him, laying my hot hand over his pulseless heart, covering it with his fleshless fingers.

"I want you to marry Cicely."

"My dear Jim, the thing's absurd."

"Nothing's absurd to a lawyer."

"Well, impossible."

"*That's* absurd. You have accomplished harder tasks."

"But I'm a——". I couldn't bring myself to pain him by confessing that I was a Jew.

"Well, I want you, and nobody else, to marry Cicely."

"I have never seen your daughter."

"Will you promise? Come, be quick about it." He was gasping for breath, and was at the final tussle; so, to please my benefactor, I murmered soothingly:

"I will do my best."

When I got back to my gloomy apartments in Lincoln's Inn the absurdity of my action dawned upon me. I was in a predicament. I had never seen Cicely in my life. I knew the inviolability of a death-bed promise, and its sanctity in the eyes of my Hebrew friends. I had been entrapped into a contract of "specific performance." I was angry with my deceased friend. Nevertheless, I felt more and more perplexed. I drowned my trouble in hard work.

As in duty bound, under the father's will, I set to work and got everything in ship-shape order for the legatee. The time had arrived when I might reasonably solicit an interview with my ward without seeming to betray any keen personal interest in her. So I wrote. As a matter of fact, I wrote, in all, six letters. These she chose to leave unanswered. One day, as I was hurrying up the steps leading to the Law Courts, a note was thrust into my hand from Messrs. Simmons and Sons, an eminent firm of solicitors, of tremendous social prestige. I was requested to look in at their offices in Chancery Lane after luncheon. I naturally assumed that the interview had reference to some important case. To my consternation, however, it had reference only to Miss Kramer's affairs, and was a terrible blow to my *amour propre*, as you will see. I wanted to stand as high as possible with them, and this wilful young lady had unwittingly given me a Parthian thrust. She had appointed the Messrs. Simmons to act for her. "She couldn't trust herself to have any direct dealings with that miserable fortune-hunter," as she described me to them. "I was anything but a gentleman, and in no circumstances would she ever meet me."

I was dumbfounded, and could just stammer out, "Had they seen my letters?" The lady destroyed them as they reached her.

I now plunged into the world of new ideas whose star of hope was Cicely. I joined the synagogue, hoping to meet her there; was called to the reading of the law that she might see me. I attended all the solemn functions. I heard the ram's horn sounded, and heard the priests bless the people. I opened the Ark during Tabernacles, when the waving palm branches are borne in triumph round the rostrum—a pretty bit of nature-ritual. I sent the synagogue a set of silver bells, breastplate and pointer to adorn the scrolls of the law with. I was now a full-blown Q.C. I had long Press notices, and the name of Benjamin Mendoza was a name to conjure with.

At that time, a little bird told me Cicely had volunteered her services, which had been gratefully accepted by the managers of the "Home for Aged Jews." I might have taken her unawares in the quaint old stucco mansion on the borders of Epping Forest any Monday, in my capacity of standing counsel to the institution. I preferred to lie low for the present, and not to flutter the dovecotes again. The expected sometimes happens, as was proved by a sprightly letter sent to me and signed "Cicely Kramer," asking for a donation, towards the depleted funds of the institution. The letter was characteristic of my ward in every way. I responded forthwith with a donation of ten guineas. I paid her compliments, and promised her that if she would meet me at Messrs. Simmons' offices she might easily extract a hundred guineas for the home on behalf of which she had so cleverly pleaded. The bait took.

"Permit me to introduce you to the distinguished counsel, who was formerly known as Herbert Chalmers," remarked the solicitor, in his driest manner.

"Herbert Chalmers, the administrator——"

"The same, madam, I do assure you. (*Bowing.*)

"The gentleman I have reviled——," she stammered out, turning as red as a peony. I felt it was time to save her.

"If Miss Kramer will only be good enough to withdraw an undeserved asperity, I will gladly fulfil my promise."

"To give our poor friends a hundred guineas?"

"Done!" Across the lawyer's table we clinched the deal with a handshake that told me all I longed to know. On the day our engagement was formally proclaimed, we gave all the inmates of the Home a splendid repast, at which our healths were enthusiastically drunk to musical honours. Since then whenever my legal friends feel like chaffing me they say "When I took silk and Cicely, I was 'on velvet.'"

THE WEDDING RING.

By the Lord Dundreary.

My sister married a Bohemian baron, and I have reason to believe that he was a sad dog, though at the same time a very merry one, if you know what I mean. As you may be aware, all well-conducted husbands in Bohemia, indeed in most foreign countries, are expected to wear wedding-rings, though this is not always the safeguard it should be in the eyes of confiding wives.

One fine day Wenzel (my brother-in-law) told me, with a sly smile, that he was obliged to run over to Budapest on urgent business. He suggested that I should come and chaperon him, which I was very glad to do, partly perhaps for my sister's sake, perhaps also for my own, as I find the Hungarian capital a very cheerful place after dark. Usually, on such expeditions, it was his custom, directly he left home, to slip his wedding-ring into his waistcoat pocket. This time I noticed in the train that he wore no wedding-ring, so I supposed that he had followed his usual practice.

Our visit to Budapest was a very lively one indeed. We dined at all the best restaurants, we visited the most unconventional music halls, we foregathered with many reckless and unconventional people. Indeed, I shall not tell you all we did do. Suffice it to say that Wenzel bought a very handsome bracelet to bring home as a peace offering to his wife. I told him it looked like an expenditure of conscience money.

On the morning of our departure a terrible thing happened. Wenzel searched through all his waistcoat pockets, but could find no wedding-ring. Here was a pretty to-do! And only two hours before the train started. He rushed me off to a jeweller's, and bought a new, painfully new, ring. Then he remembered that it must have initials and a date inscribed inside. But for the life of him he could not be sure of the date of his wedding. I had been best man, but I felt somewhat hazy, too. However, I made a guess, and the inscription was hastily engraved. But the ring did look painfully new, even after rubbing and scratching and banging against the door handle of the car.

We were graciously received and the bracelet was gracefully accepted. After dinner my sister said carelessly to Wenzel: "By the way, where is your wedding-ring?"

"My wedding-ring? What do you mean? Here it is, of course. You know I would never take it off."

He held up his hand, and a smile stole across her face.

"What!" she said, "have you got two? Now, I do call that a proof of conjugal devotion."

"What on earth makes you think I have got two?"

"Only that I found yours on the chest of drawers after you had left."

I thought the poor man was done for. He gave a deep gasp, but quickly recovered.

"The fact is," he asserted, with scarcely a moment's hesitation, "I feared I had lost mine, so I hurried out and bought another. Your brother will bear me out, for he went with me."

My sister is certainly a very indulgent woman.

SHADOWS.

A FUNEREAL CONVERSATION.

By George Edgar.

This little conversation is quite true, and shows that pleasure is to be found in most unlikely subjects.

The very young mother is travelling with her healthy baby home to Yorkshire.

Enter two old ladies at Doncaster. Two tearful old ladies; one fat and unctuous, the other lean and hard; one oily and sympathetic in the sound of her voice, the other cold, crabbed, and querulous. Both in black, both with black veils heavily bordered, both oozing an atmosphere of funereal spirits, both tearfully loquacious.

The Stout Female: Such a funeral it was—four coaches. But, then, Mary always did things well. Pore dear, he was a man. It's a good job they kept him open.

The Thin Female: Yes, an' didn't he look like hissel?

The Stout Female: Yes; I was mortal 'fraid they'd a-screwed him up, an' then I should never a-seed him. Pore dear! Nice corpse he made, too—so fresh-lookin', wasn't he?

The Thin Female: For a man. But the nicest corpse I knows on was Mrs. Wiggins. Poor dear, 'oo did look sweet. Wiggins was glad to see the pore soul at rest. They sen he spent all the insurance money in buryin' her, an' there were cold fowl for tea an' cold beef an' pickles.

The Stout Female: I'm not one as holds with ostentation, I'm not. Fowl for tea, looks like a wedding. What I sez is this, do ev'rythin' proper an' right, bit of somethin' for the drivers an' that, an' ev'rythin' plain an' quiet.

The Thin Female: Same here, Mrs. Duckworth. Have a spot, now?

The Thin Female rummages in a bag, and draws out a little dark bottle.

The Stout Female: No, no; not another drop, really.

The Thin Female (taking a vigorous pull): It's very comfortin' on cold journeys. I never goes to a buryin' without. *Do* just have a taste, there's a dear; you're lookin' pale.

The Stout Lady succumbs protestingly, feeling pale.

The Stout Lady: Only just the least taste, that is.

She takes the least taste, that is, a long pull and a strong pull, which causes her to cease looking pale, adds roseate hues to her oily face, and spreads a palpable odour through the carriage.

The Baby (putting out a fat hand and vastly amused at the foregoing interchange of civilities): Goo, goo, gug gug, goo, goo-o-o-o.

The Stout Female (smiling in a way that frightens the baby into imminent convulsions): Pretty sing.

The Thin Female (with deep sadness): A beootiful cheild.

The Stout Female: How old might it be, mem?

The Young Mother: Fourteen months.

Duet of *Stout* and *Thin Females:* Lor! You don't say so.

Another interval over the brown bottle; another roseate tinge; another pungent addition to the pervading odour.

The Stout Female (sadly retrospective and solemnly eyeing the baby): Such a fine child it is.

The Thin Lady: Fat, too, isn't he?

The Stout Female: "She," I think.

The Stout Female (looking gloomier still): Pore little dear.

The Thin Female: Don't say another word; don't upset yourself. I know what you are thinking of. Don't upset yourself.

The Stout Female: Yes, Mrs. Dilworth, you're right.

She sheds a tear, a big glistening tear, which visibly shrinks as it runs along the glowing, roseate surface of her nose.

The Stout Female: I was thinkin' of Agnes's little girl. Just such another as this bonnie baby, just as fat an' just as healthy——

The Baby: Gug-gug-gug-goo-oo-oo.

The Stout Female: An' just as lively, too.

A solemn pause, in which both the *Stout* and the *Thin Lady* turn up their eyes and sigh.

The Stout Female (with a low croak): She died before she was eighteen months.

The Stout Lady sheds a tear. So does *The Thin Lady*. *The Young Mother* draws her child closer within her arms, as if protecting it from a darkening shadow. There is a solemn pause, and the dark bottle passes silently between the two ladies in black.

The Thin Female (much comforted and cheered): As you was sayin', it's allus the fat 'uns that look as if they'd live for ever, as die soonest. My Johnny, my first, he was that fat, people used to stop me in the streets an' ask me what I fed him on. He sickened at eighteen months an' wasted away to a shadow.

The Thin Female sheds three tears, and eyes the crowing baby with a dismal eye.

The Thin Female: That theer baby, bless its heart, is as like him as two peas. You wanter take care on it, bless it. Johnny went to a shadow an' died off like a little flower.

The Stout Female: We all has our troubles. Johnny was the on'y one you lost. But I've buried six—God bless 'em—three livin' and one marrit bein' left, an' you know, Mrs. Dilworth, six bonnier bairns weren't ever born. As fat an' healthy as that theer sweet bairn; fatterer an' healthier, if anythin'. No one was looked arter better than them.

The Thin Female: Aye, aye; well I knows that.

The Stout Female (shedding another tear): Aye—(sniff)—I suppose I am soft-hearted—(sniff, sniff, sniff)—the Lord gives an' the Lord teks 'em away—(sniff, sniff). But the more I look on that beautiful bairn—(sniff, sniff)—the more I think of our Mary Ellen Alice—(sniff).

The Thin Female (very dismally): Cheer up, pore dear.

The Stout Female: An' no one carn't say as I didn't, neither, if ever. There weren't no childer ever better brought up, an' no childer ever were better buried.

The Thin Female: As well I knows, bein' there, to each.

The Stout Female (after a tearful interlude): Black for ev'ry one, carriages with white ribbings, an' flowers.

The Thin Female: An' pretty bairns they was when they was laid out, as pretty as that baby theer.

The Baby: Gub, gub, goo; gub, gub, goo, goo, goo-o-o-o.

The Stout Female: Pore little dear. Six of 'em like that.

The Thin Female: Little angels they was when laid out—little cherubs, I calls 'em. Pore little innercents.

The Stout Female: Yes, an' ev'ry one was a pretty buryin'.

The Thin Female: It was.

The Stout Female (with increasing unctuousity and pride): It was so, it was; an' I give ev'ry one of 'em a ham tea, too, an' me with no club money an' a husband who's on'y been in work one fortnight in five year.

BEWARE OF

CONSTIPATION

It Poisons your Blood

CONSTIPATION is one of the most dangerous of common ailments. It poisons your blood with impurities drawn from the stagnant matter in your bowels; you become dull and sleepy, you have frequent headaches, piles, and often offensive breath. Anæmia follows, or obstinate skin diseases, and sometimes the kidneys break down, leading on to rheumatism and uric acid troubles. Mother Seigel's Syrup regulates your bowels, renders constipation impossible, and cleanses your system of impurities.

"I suffered constantly from headache and a dull pain in my back. I was sleepless, subject to dizziness, and a martyr to constipation. I fell away to a shadow, but when things were at their worst, Mother Seigel's Syrup completely cured me."—From Mrs. MARY HAYES, 57, Glenavon Road, Romford Road, Stratford, London, E. July 19th, 1906.

and Fosters Deadly Disease

MOTHER SEIGEL'S

CURES CONSTIPATION SYRUP CURES INDIGESTION.

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

By Lloyd Williams.

The author had three friends, who were very dear.

The first of these came to him one day, and said: "My dear Author, I am truly distressed. You need protection."

The Author awoke from his dream. He was writing about a woman, who, early in the book, married the man she really loved, and he felt that such a daringly original situation would tax his powers to the utmost.

"You know me," said his friend. "My name's Codlin, and I'm your friend—the author's friend."

The Author smiled dreamily.

"I've invented a machine like a gatling-gun," said Codlin. "It is the most wonderful thing in the world. By means of it I can shoot your books all over the world in enormous quantities. All you've got to do is to sit still and trust me."

The Author thanked him.

"And don't forget, Codlin's your friend. You should say it to yourself until you've learnt it by heart."

"Codlin's my friend," said the Author meekly.

Soon afterwards Short waited upon the Author, and embraced him fondly.

"I'm Short," he said.

"I see you are," remarked the Author, who was not altogether without intelligence.

"I've come to warn you against Codlin."

"Codlin's my friend," said the Author mechanically.

Short frowned. "Don't talk nonsense," he said. "You need taking care of. Place yourself in my hands." The Author looked out of the window. He was still thinking about the woman in his book, and wondering why her husband refused to misunderstand her.

"My dear Author," said Short, "I'm a plain man of business. I'm a publisher. Your interests and mine are one. We must combine to outwit Codlin."

The Author looked embarrassed. "I'm not very businesslike," he said.

"I know it," said Short hastily. "That—that's why I became a publisher. You need someone to look after your royalties. Leave them to me. I don't let anything slip through my hands."

And he nodded encouragingly.

"But whatever you do," he went on, "don't touch Codlin. That book machine of his is dangerous."

Not long afterwards another friend came to see him.

He was a tall, burly, good-natured fellow; but he suffered so from short-sight that he could see but a few inches before his nose. He was known as the Public.

"My dear boy," he said, taking the Author by both hands, "I'm delighted to see you looking so well. You write books, and all sorts of things, don't you?"

"Yes, I write books," said the Author, looking with a sigh at his manuscript.

"I'm tremendously interested in books," said the Public generously. "Between ourselves, I like account books best; but I often find time to skim the stuff you write. However, what I came to say was this: Don't be led away by these fellows Codlin and Short. I'm your real friend. I'm the Public. Place yourself in my hands. Codlin's a very good fellow; so is Short. But I'm the author's friend."

A few months later three men dined together to commemorate a great arrangement.

When dinner was over and the waiters had retired, Codlin, who was one of the three, raised his wineglass and said: "Gentlemen, I drink to the long continuance of the Arrangement."

"Hear, hear!" said the others cordially.

"I think we have little to complain of," continued Codlin. "My book shooting machine is now shooting more books per hour than it ever shot before. The fact is, my men can't load and fire fast enough."

"I'm bound to admit that I have no cause to grumble," said Short, sucking a cigarette affectionately.

The Public heaved a sigh of content. He had dined.

"Thanks to you two gentlemen, I have reason to be thankful," he said. "What I say about books is this: A man expects to pay for his food and drink. They are necessary. But the books are different. He wants his books cheap. Now, you two gentlemen have done a noble work for the world. You have worked it so—by a judicious rearrangement of the advertisements—that I can get a book at very little more per copy than it costs to produce. That's as it should be."

Then they passed out into the street, arm in arm.

"Lights?" said a voice.

"Why, it's our old friend, the Author," said Codlin.

"Selling matches," said the Public, looking pained.

"But what are you doing here?" inquired Short. "Studying character for your next book?"

"No," said the Author, "I'm earning my living."

LOSS OF HAIR.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES.

It is well-known among scientists who study the hair that there are several distinct causes of falling out of hair and subsequent baldness. One cause is the existence of bacilli in the follicles; another is lack of nutrition by the glands, another is scurf, another is nervous disturbance, yet another is climate or atmosphere, and so on. Moreover, each form of hair trouble, and in every degree of progression, needs a different treatment.

The only proper way to treat a case is to diagnose it, and prescribe the necessary preparation. In some cases a wash costing a shilling is more effective than five guineas worth of ordinary lotions, and often a case of baldness of many years standing can be overcome by an inexpensive prescription, when large sums have been previously expended in vain. If any reader of this paragraph will send us his or her name and address on a postcard, we will forward a book containing the Kados prescriptions, gratis and post free.

Address, Kados Laboratory, D106, No. 54, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN.

The Pressman's Lament.

I wonder, often, why it is
That just as smart Society's
Migrating far afield,
So many weird appearances,
Law-breaking interferences,
Odd clouds, and sudden clearances
Should always be revealed.

And, more I chafe at Destiny,
Which always seems at best ini-
Mical to men like me,
Who live—in part, at any rate—
By what I fancy many rate
Too highly, that's the penny rate
For painting what we see.

To me no nt-clouds show themselves,
And cute sea-serpents know themselves
Too well to court my gaze!
And since no curiosity,
Or natural monstrosity,
Inspires me to verbosity,
In impecuniosity
I spend depressing days.

A. W. B.

AN IDEAL PENSION SCHEME.

Twenty pounds saved annually will secure for a person now age 30, on attaining age 55, a cash sum of £790, or a life annuity of £62 17s. 8d. If preferred, at age 50 £586 would be payable. No medical examination. All premiums returned in the event of previous death. These sums are absolutely guaranteed by one of the strongest British offices. Before effecting an assurance, reliable advice is essential. The majority of people do not insure under anything like the best conditions. Correspondence invited. Gordon Mannering and Co., Experts, Harpenden, Herts.

MODISH MODES OF THE MOMENT.

By Mrs. Newpen.

(With apologies to P.O.T., R.O.T., P.A.M., D.A.M., and other high-class penny journals who teach millionaires and chorus-girls fashions.)

Being a constant reader of the above-named fashionable and exclusive papers, I feel that it is only right that John Bull should give to his womankind advice as to the proper spending of their dress allowance and the fashionable freaks of fair frivolity. I intend, like *R.O.T*, etc., to make this article so thoroughly useful that it will prove of inestimable value to the wives and daughters of middle-class men who rejoice in a liberal (?) amount of pin-money, which Paterfamilias can give after paying his taxes and other luxuries! I should like to thank the contributors of the above papers for the invaluable aid they have given me, as I honestly state that my style is founded on theirs. Can flattery go further?

The Autumn Season is here, and it is time that every woman should be thinking seriously of the state of her wardrobe. Of course, due care and economy must be exercised. She should turn out all her frocks and furbelows, and give away or destroy any that are of no use. But she must be careful. If she has a set of Russian sables or a long sealskin coat with diamond buttons or a caracul and ermine cloak, don't let her put it in the dustbin.

As regards lace, I should advise the crochet braid made by our dear maiden aunts, and put on robes de nuit of every-night wear, to be taken off and washed. This is a luxury that can only be indulged in when the fatigues of the season are over. Whilst on the subject, put by any point de Bruxelles, real Valenciennes, Honiton, priceless Malines. *Don't* give them to your charwoman; she won't appreciate them.

I saw an exquisite creation last week. It was in one of the new tones of ruddy gore purple, trimmed lavishly with gold embroidery and mother-of-pearl paillettes. It was lined throughout with cream and gold shot brocade. Under the perfectly fitting bodice, which was also lavishly embroidered, was a ravishing chemisette of Irish point. The price was *only* fifty-five guineas, and I am sure you'll say it was cheap. Giving such a full description, I dare say you can get your little dressmaker at two shillings a day to copy it accurately.

Another important item that we must consider are the fashionable jewels! With regard to stones, pearls and diamonds are first favourites; in the former, Brazilian are preferable, but at a pinch you may put up with South African stuff. Next in favour are emeralds and rubies, but for Heaven's sake, if you wish to be thought a smart woman, do not wear sapphires or opals. Better by far lose them at your uncle's than to be seen sporting them. It is allowable to have a necklace of black or pink pearls; and a brooch of blue, pink and yellow diamonds is sometimes met with. Jade and cabochon emeralds may also be donned. If you have a simple little black evening bodice, it can be made to look quite attractive with a graduated fringe of loose diamonds across the corsage, and diamond shoulder straps.

The fancy dress ball season is now arriving, and you may be wanting hints of something charmingly inexpensive and suitable to wear. I have been rather puzzling my brains over this, but I have a solution. That holy of holy men known as the Mud Raker has publicly declared that to see a lady clad like Hans Breitmann's Mermaid, "with noddings on," is a beautiful picture on "which the eye can rest restfully and lovingly." I should, however, advise, in addition, a pair of shoes and a parasol to complete the chaste and lovely toilette.

A little friend of mine wrote to the Editress of that excellent domestic paper *R.O.T.*, and asked if she would kindly give a menu suitable for gentle-people of limited means, mentioning that her husband's income was £200 a year. The Editress sent her the following Bill of Fare, which I unhesitatingly commend to all housewives similarly situated. N.B.—If bent on economy, the hors d'œuvres may be left out.

Menu.

Hors d'œuvres variés. Huîtres Royales.
Consommé au Parmesan.
Tortue claire. Sterlets de la Volga.
à la Sauce Moujiek.
Velouté de Poulets à la Chantilly.
Petits Pois à la Française
Salmis de Perdreaux Montmorency. Cardous à la Moëlle.
Friandises. Pêches à la Melba.
Bénédictines blancs. Sorbets glacés.
Fruits. Dessert.

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

BULL'S EYES.

[*Being flashes of wit and genius from members of our staff—mostly after dinner.*]

Certain American ladies in Paris have declared that in future they will not kiss anyone on the lips, as is the English custom. In fact, they are going to set their faces against it.

The *Daily Mirror* reports that one can get peers at 5s. a week to act as supers on the stage. The "front-page" of the prospectus still maintains its price, however.

The inmates of the new lunatic asylum in Vienna are publishing a newspaper. They are going to call it R.O.T.

Motto for the *Times* Book Club—"Now Barrabas was a publisher."

Despite the protest of the British Constitutional Association, we trust the day is far distant when "shove-ha'penny" will cease to attract. We shall have these Poke-Y.N.I.O.P.B.S. people objecting to "coddam" next.

At Bloomsbury County Court the usher raised an objection to General Keogh's way of kissing the book, contending that it was not correctly done. The judge suggested if the General had been kissing a lady he would have been more emphatic. But would he have told the truth?

"Maid of Brittany," by May Wynne, has just been published. It looks as if it were the Report of the Butter Commission.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have just brought out a book "To Defeat the Ends of Justice." We are surprised!

If your nerves are all wrong, and you want a general shake-up, why not get "The Earthquake"? It is described as powerful and convincing. They generally are.

Are we in for a recrudescence of the Adam and Eve rib story? A lady has been "evolved" from Mr. Maskelyne's side, but what Mrs. Maskelyne has to say in the matter it would be unfair to surmise.

Dr. Whyte, an eminent Scottish divine, says all those who know Scotland can testify there are enough lazy ministers to pave a whole street in hell with their skulls. Wood paving, of course.

A man told the magistrate at Birmingham that "every time his wife got beer he had to go to the hospital." From the evidence it appeared he had been there twelve times in eight months. But that is only one beer every three weeks.

A pamphlet is announced with the title "The Enemy at the Gate." The man who takes the money, we presume.

We learn from the *Express* that Caruso appeared in opera in Berlin, and the Germans' musical souls were filled with "calefaction and ustulation." This may be the new name for German beer.

A man charged at Tower Bridge, and sent to the cells, complained bitterly that he was deprived of his dog's company, although he had a licence. This opens up some perplexities in regard to motor-car, marriage, excise, and other licences.

The saintly *Daily News*, in a review of a book entitled "Tainted Money," says, "Some are millionaires through misfortune. If a town grows up on a man's land, he hardly merits censure. If the churches refuse to take subscriptions from him they refuse to help him in his time of adversity." We are always ready to give a hand in such a case.

Somebody has written to the *Lancet* from the Mile End Workhouse: "Working in the firewood department, I have discovered that common deal wood is a valuable food and medicine if cut small. Brown bread is not in it for invigorating effect." There is a good deal in the idea.

Another blow to the Temperance party! Mr. Bell refuses to sign the pledge—of the L.R.C. The bell is not cracked, however, but the teetotallers are split.

As a rule, dark-haired people do not live as long as light-haired. Being light it is not so heavy to carry.

According to a contemporary, the Navy League will "sit down to its annual dinner" on October 20. As far as we are aware, it is not the custom to stand up at such functions, but perhaps it's a way they have in the Navy.

The Department of Justice at Washington is about to go for several Trusts. The Gunpowder Trust will have a blowing up; the Watch Trust may be wound up, the Furniture Trust is to be mended, and the Cement Trust will find the law will stick at nothing.

Upon arriving in New York, Mrs. Langtry had to undergo the usual Custom House interrogatories. Her answer to "Complexion" was "Troublesome." Other people might resort to "painting the Lillie," but that is not necessary in her case.

Miss Ella Clemons, an American missionary, has just married Sune Yue, a Chinaman. Some day perhaps they will be rejoicing in the arrival of a Sonny Yue.

Sir Francis Burnand, lecturing on *Punch* at Chester recently, gave some advice to would-be contributors: "Never send anything to *Punch* that is told you as a good joke." Somebody else must have given this advice years ago, and it has been most religiously followed.

Since his arrival in New York, Mr. T. P. O'Connor has had so many callers he has been quite unable to take his meals. Consequently, T.P.'s weakly.

Miss Arabella Kenealy says: "Many a woman, stung by the taunt of 'old maid,' plunges into a maelstrom of desperate married misery." "Maelstrom" is distinctly good.

A guinea-pig in a house will cause rats to disappear. We wonder if a half-guinea pig would be as efficient with mice.

There are thousands of villages and hundreds of small towns in Hungary, and no doctor within ten miles. Doctors are sent for, of course, but at least the patient has a chance to recover before they arrive.

Before 1793 there were no £5 notes. History seems to be repeating itself.

Methods of teaching vary. In Japan children are taught to write with both hands. Here they are taught to write with a pen.

An elephant can carry two tons easily. Think of this when next you want to move. You can't get a small boy to carry a big trunk two miles without paying sixpence here.

Courting in India is all in favour of the ladies. There are eight white men to every white woman. A fresh sweetheart every night and two on Sundays.

Greece has less wealth than any of the European countries. And yet one would expect Greece to have a good share of the fat.

The Japanese Empire, with a population of 47,000,000, has only about 10,000 paupers. Having "taken on" civilisation, however, this deplorable state of things will probably be altered soon.

The walls of Nineveh were 100 feet high, and broad enough for three chariots to drive abreast. When one is trying to dodge an electric tram, a motor-car, and a pantechnicon, it is then we miss the good old times.

A widow found a half sovereign in the yolk of an egg the other day. All the eggs are now being delivered cracked.

President Fallières has granted an interview to an enterprising journalist who serenaded him with a flute. Mr. Plowden will interview the organ-grinders who serenade us.

Joseph Smith, president of the Mormon Church, who has five wives, five mothers-in-law, and forty-three children, has been arrested. Surely he has been sufficiently punished.

Miss Susan Strong has left the stage and started a laundry. We hope there will be no more washing of dirty theatrical linen.

The plaintiff and the defendant in a case in the Southwark County Court, the other day, were both named Green. When the case was over they both felt blue, having been done brown by the lawyers.

"Can Actors be Modest?" was one of the silly-season topics. For a convincing reply, see Mr. Seymour Hicks' pathetic appeal to Mr. Plowden recently.

Mr. Napoleon Bird's forty-eight hours' performance on the piano made his fingers stiff. The Bonyparte suffered severely.

The report that the Collis Diamond Syndicate's steamer "Xema" contemplated a raid on German Damaraland is denied. The only raid the syndicate wanted to engineer was on the pockets of the British investor.

The *Daily Mirror* headed its article on Miss Phyllis Dare's quick study of Miss Edna May's part in "The Belle of Mayfair,"

MISS PHYLLIS DARE'S RECORD FEET.

But what boots it?

The Marquis of Townsend is residing *incog.* at Madeira as J. R. O'Connell, LL.D. Not L.S.D.!

Lord Carrington says he looks forward to the day when every agricultural labourer will have a chance of becoming his own master. We hope so, too; but, meanwhile, there can be no doubt that the earth is the landlord's, and the fulness thereof.

The Bill to prevent butter-faking is to be adopted by the Government and carried "at the earliest possible moment." If they don't keep their promise the fat will be in the fire.

Burglars spent the dark and early hours the other morning at the offices of the Society of Women Journalists. In order to examine things at their leisure, they took the safe away with them. They would have taken the fender and the fireirons also, only they did not wish to incommode themselves with heavy articles.

The Drury Lane supers are ventilating the grievance that they only receive eighteenpence a show. It is a shame. The men employed in the sulphur mine scene, for instance, are worth at least two bob.

The medical officer of the Sandbach Urban Council complains that in Staffordshire there have been hardly any girls at all among recent births. He should see about it at once.

London Opinion is explaining for the benefit of its readers the "cables" received by mining companies. Most of them require explaining—away.

The Isle of Wight Education Committee have resolved that for the future the marriage of a feminine teacher shall be equivalent to the notice necessary to terminate her engagement. Of course it terminates her engagement.

Sir Gilbert Parker calls the Liberal party "a political hippodrome with the animals out of hand." *Au contraire*, the Tory party is a museum in which the exhibits have tumbled to pieces.

The People's Bill, of Woolwich and Poplar, has the gout. He is a busy man, with many meetings to attend, and he feels it acutely.

Miss M. E. Braddon says her knowledge of the Times Book Club, though eminently satisfactory, is that of a reader only. She writes her own novels, in fact, to sell them; but when she wants to read other people's she prefers to borrow them.

Says the *Daily Chronicle*:—

"Brewers seem to ferment into peers and baronets by some mysterious process of the vat."

Vat ales our contemporary?

"Fathers with marriageable daughters," says a society writer, "should keep an eye on the chauffeur." The trouble apparently is that the daughters cannot keep their eyes off him.

"REVEILLE" PILLS

Popular English pronunciation—RE-VALLEY.)

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

A POSITIVE CURE for

CONSTIPATION,
INDIGESTION,
BILIOUSNESS,
HEADACHE,
SICKNESS,
ANÆMIA,
SLEEPLESSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA,
ALL NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.

THE MOST RELIABLE PILL IN THE WORLD.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[John Bull *replies to some of his numerous correspondents.*]

We much regret that, through an error in our printers' warehouse, some unused sheets of our issue of October 6 were accidentally bound up with those for October 13. If any reader who has received such an imperfect copy will return it to the Publisher, we shall be pleased to send a correct one and to refund the postage.

Messrs. Kidd and Co. (Alyth, Perthshire), the proprietors of Dr. Kidd's Tonic Pills, wish it to be known that they are in no way connected with the Kidd and Co., of Indiana, whose methods we recently exposed in this column. Dr. Kidd has been in practice for twenty years as a stomach specialist, and his name is to be found in the Medical Register. So there is no kid about him!

"A Workman Elector" (Gurney Slade) says he once had the pleasure of hearing Herbert Vivian. We hope it did him good. Vivian read "Looking Backward," when it first came out, but thought nothing of it, and has been looking forward ever since.

"Northumbrian" (Hexham) wants us to publish better short stories. But they are hard to get, since Maupassant died. We are also invited to send £5 to a bucket-shop, and tell our readers exactly what happens. We prefer to spend our £5 on short stories. Besides, we think we know what would happen.

H.S. (Belfast).—Thanks for circular.

C.W.B. (Hampstead) sent last January to the Pictorial Card Co. (57, Fleet Street) for 48 post cards, which he was to sell for 4s. On sending the money he was to receive a clock for his trouble. He received the clock and ordered more cards, which he has not sold. Now he has received a blue paper from Holmes and Holmes (Debt recovery and enquiry agents, George's-st., Cork), demanding 4s. and 1s. 1d., "cost of this application." He thinks this blue paper is a writ, probably because it is impudently headed City of Cork. Better return the cards as he is not going to sell them. Otherwise pay 4s., but certainly not the "cost of the application." A scrap of blue paper is not worth 1s. 1d., even in Cork.

A.W.P. (Birmingham), while considering our articles "witty and never bombastic," considers our post-card to Mr. Punch "altogether uncalled for." He urges that "to say *Punch* is not humorous is about as intelligent as saying John Bull is not the smartest penny journal on the market, or that Jim Crow (long may he live!) is not enough to make a Tariff Reformer laugh." We have consulted Mr. Crow, who says that a man who would laugh at him must have a distorted sense of humour and might therefore be amused by *Punch*. Anyhow, we are glad that anyone is amused by anything in this dull age. A.W.P. is glad we are coming out on Tuesdays, because "Thursday is such a devil of a time to wait."

"Offord" (Barnsbury) sent post-cards to the Imperial Fine Art Corporation (64, High Holborn), and The Artistic Photographic Co. (90 and 92, Oxford Street), asking for catalogues. In each case he received an unsolicited picture, with an invitation to return it or send 2s. 9d. He does not see why he should pay the postage. Nor do we. If they want their pictures back, they should send up to Barnsbury for them.

"Mick" (Drumcondra) has been waiting five years for our "ripping paper." He says "I like Jimmy Crow. He is a straight goer. No bush-beating with him. Your bull's-eyes are a treat for tired eyes. You should see me chuckle. May you be read all over the world." We are. "Mick" also asks, "Is it illegal to advertise you on coins of the realm? I have got the idea of gummed squares of paper with 'Have you read J.B.?' on them." Why not try, and we will bail him out if he gets into trouble on our account. We are not tempted by the circular of the American share dealer (W. M. Ostrander, Inc., Philadelphia). What does "Inc." mean? Incurable?

"An Old Newsagent" says the *Times* has "fallen to the knees of the hustler." Give it up and sell John Bull. We are grateful for his kind words and hopeful about his kind deeds.

A correspondent, who marks his letter "private," draws our attention to Lord Northcliffe's offer of half a pound of tea to every "small advertiser" in the *Evening News*. Our friend sent a shilling four months ago for an advertisement, but received no tea. He wrote two or three times to enquire, but received no reply. Perhaps he has saved on his doctor's bill.

Another coy friend at Torquay tells us that, at the Town Council, a member produced a copy of John Bull and paid us some well-deserved compliments. A person of excellent judgment.

G.H.D. (Dublin) asks our opinion of the member of the Central Presbyterian Association who denounced billiards in their recreation rooms as likely to drive members to the public-house. The answer is "Skittles."

F.J.N. (Portsmouth) sends us a spontaneous tribute from a friend in Bermuda, who finds it "a treat to get something worth reading" out there, and considers American periodicals "rotten," compared to John Bull. Thankee!

H.V. (Woking) does not like Frank Harris's remarks on the audience at a play. He says, "Public characters may perhaps be criticised for their looks or manners, but a new terror is added to play-going if private ladies are to be pilloried for their 'mud-coloured hair,' 'prominent teeth,' and 'nervous hysteria.'. He would like to know what the lady thought of Mr. Harris. Perhaps she will oblige.

J.S.A. (Brighton).—Yes, Tanqueray (23, Rue de Hambourg, Paris), is the notorious swindler. His "free portrait" dodge has been exposed over and over again. We will do our best to deserve your confidence.

The Secretary of the Thames Valley Legitimatist Club (131, Paulet Road, Camberwell,) sends us a resolution congratulating us upon our open post-card to the Duke of Madrid. All right! Viva Carlos Siete!

A. H. (Florence).—Thanks for thinking of us, but we must not publish private conversations overheard by a servant.

H.E.H.F. (Shepherd's Bush).—No; we are not attempting to "serve two masters"—perhaps not even one. The letter to Mr. Dickie Bell was editorial; the article on "The Fraud of Socialism" represented the personal opinions of our gifted contributor, Mr. Frank Harris. Now you see.

B.J.M. and E.W.T. (Camden Town) answered an advertisement of the Kew Trading Association (14, Victoria Parade, Kew), who offered fountain-pens free to all applicants for price-lists. Every fifth applicant, however, was to have, not a pen, but a "real diamond ring, fashionable brooch set with a real diamond," or a beautiful clock, on purchasing goods to the value of 4s. 6d. Oddly enough, both "B.J.M." and "E.W.T." turned out to be "fifth" applicants. No free pens, therefore, for them. How very strange!

W.C.P. (Aldgate) has a young brother who sent 5s. to the Dereham Road Cycle Co., Norwich, "beating his breast with joy that he could now have his cycle." Now, of course, he finds that he must wait till he has paid all instalments, perhaps, even longer. He may be tempted to beat something else beside his own breast.

D.C.M. (Oban) wants "to pick a crow with Jim." By all means. He says: "Watt ever was the bloke's name, it wasn't Watt," who invented trains. Well, Mr. Crow was not positive. Anyhow, D.C.M. knows Watt's watt.

"Xemo" (Sutton-in-Ashfield) was not impressed by Mr. Crow's paper on Railways, but sends "humble apologies to James." Lord love him, James doesn't mind. "Xemo" thinks our post-card to the Lord Bishop of Worcester "splendid." We quite agree with his remarks about the Mansfield Town Council, and their action in obliterating sporting news from the daily papers in the free library, "much to the annoyance of a large number of the ratepayers, who are compelled to contribute to the up-keep."

E.B. (Bournemouth) likes us for our manliness, courage, kindliness and humour. (We blush.) But he does not like Bournemouth for the following reasons: (1) Sunday music, none; (2) no concert hall or pavilion on the pier ("if it rains you get wet and take cold"); (3) town hall, none; (4) museums or art galleries, none; (5) public library, none but an insanitary makeshift; (6) public baths, none, save one small private enterprise; (7) only one inadequate theatre; (8) winter gardens, a primitive glass barn; (9) no Sunday trams, only a few obsolete horse-'buses; (10) no tram-line to pier. Why don't you fellows take more interest in municipal elections?

"Flanks" (Upper Parkstone).—We readily pardon your "presumption in making a suggestion," particularly one so flattering as that the inner leaves of our "priceless paper are too valuable for advertisements." But they would be less valuable without. And we must live somehow.

"Sinn Fein" (Glasgow) protests at some length that it would be inconsistent for Alderman Kelly to avow sympathy with the enemies of England, and at the same time make cringing appeals to the British House of Commons. We quite agree, but is it good policy to alienate well-wishers?

W.O.H. (Leytonstone).—The misplaced comma in the assets of the Charing Cross Bank was a printer's error, which has now been corrected. Many thanks for drawing our attention to it. We said "twelve months," because we thought we would leave it to you to dot the i's. Fi!

"A Lover of Liberty" (Huddersfield) does not quite understand our answer to Mr. Miller (No. 18, page 419.) We merely pointed out that Mr. Miller started the error of those who thought the victims of the Tower of Siloam "sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem." (S. Luke, xiii., 4, 5.) Nor are we so foolish as to say in our hearts: "There is no God." Nor do we agree that all "negligence is sin." But we like to hear everybody's views.

J.J.B. (Ilford) ordered some mineral waters from Poole and Co. (Plaistow, Grays, Essex), but found they had left, leaving no address. He asks why they have "such a dirty little hole for an office," and "why they do not state where they are removing to." But he does not say whether he sent cash with his order. If not, he may congratulate himself on losing nothing. Thanks for helping to make us known in Belgium.

Hadsome (London) sends further facts about "the Registered Societies Sickness and Accident Assurance, Ltd." (13, Walbrook, E.C.), to which we referred on page 460 (13th Oct.) He visited the company's offices and was informed that no prospectus had been issued and no bankers had been appointed, but that about £20,000 was available for working capital. He doubts this, as the directors went to allotment on 11,300 shares, of which only 5s. per share had been paid. So do we. If you have had some, don't have any more.

C.J.B. (Manor Park).—Quite right. Always refer disagreements (if you must have them) to John Bull. If you pay 10s. for an article and sell it for 20s., you make 100 per cent. profit; if you pay 13s. 4d. and sell for 20s., you make 50 per cent. profit. Glad you are so successful.

Someone sends us a circular, issued by the proprietors of *Punch*, asserting that "there is no other journal in England for which people feel so intimate and peculiar an affection." But, somehow or other, this affection does not seem to translate itself into £ s. d. So the proprietors are making a "special offer" to supply their paper for 13s. 6d., instead of 15s. 9d. a year. Why not be content with John Bull?

Capt. H. (Shepherd's Bush) sends us an advertisement for a German master for S. America at £250. He asks why "one of our principal dailies should pay dividends on capital made by such palpable frauds." But the advertisement is not a palpable fraud. It might have been quite genuine, or Capt. H's German friend would not have answered it. At the same time, we do not like the answer he received from Orellana and Co. (School Agents, 80, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, W.), asking for £15 down and the balance of 10 per cent. on the first year's salary in 12 months, particularly as the teacher was to pay his own fare out. Orellana should remember that teachers are not always capitalists.

R. B. (Glasgow) sends us a cutting from the *Scottish Weekly Record*, which annexed our title "Bull's Eyes," and now abuses us. As they are good Latinists in Glasgow, R. B. probably knows the tag, "odi quem læseris." A friend of his has "a bit on" occasionally. One day R. B. gave him our tips. Naturally they came off. The friend was very anxious to learn the source of R. B.'s information. Now he reads John Bull regularly. That is the best tip.

F. W. (Nottingham).—Your suggestion shall receive our best consideration. Watch our columns.

A. G. L. (Warrington) calls our attention to a prosecution at Bolton on September 28th. A man purchased some margarine there, was followed in a cab by two inspectors, who stopped him and asked what he had in his parcel. The man first said "butter," but presently admitted it was margarine. The inspectors tried to buy it, and then prosecuted the man "for refusing to sell a sample of food exposed for sale." The man was a provision dealer from Crewe, but was not then exposing the margarine for sale. However, he was fined £5. These facts are vouched for by the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*. A. G. L. says that in future he will be afraid of obliging his wife by an occasional call at the grocer's, lest "lynx-eyed myrmidons of the law should pounce on his innocent purchases and fine him." Experientia dorset!

"Man in the Street" (Bromley) wants us to omit our Racing Notes, and says, "Mr. Harris would be an uncomfortable sort of chap to live with, if he finds as much fault with his household as he does with books and theatres." We have, however, about a hundred thousand readers who like the Racing Notes, and another hundred thousand who like Mr. Harris. As regards Mr. Harris at home, we understand that he never finds fault with anything.

F. J. Whitlock, of 59, Camberwell Road, is very wrath and indignant with our correspondent M. A. (Keymer), who complained of the treatment accorded to her servant by Mr. Whitlock. He is unable to trace the complaint, and having been established in business for fourteen years, and conducted his trade honourably and fairly, he thinks we have done him an injustice. We should be very sorry to do that. So here's three cheers for Whitlock and his "sun ray skirts." We were wrong in suggesting that anyone could see through them.

Ben Cunningham, having regained his freedom, writes from 67, Hermit Road, Canning Town, thanking us for the open postcard which we addressed to him when he was in durance vile; and he sends us some sad and startling figures taken from the West Ham District Committee's report. He tells us to "face them boldly—and smile." We cannot do that, Ben. Good luck to you. Your heart is in the right place.

Mr. Page Woodcock, of pill fame, sends us a letter which has been addressed to one of his foremen by the notorious Brhamo Lever Watch Company, whose swindling methods we have so frequently exposed. Mr. Woodcock should make them up a special kind of pill—something with plenty of brimstone in it!

H. T. (Stratford) and Major G. O. Warren (Paignton) have sent us interesting letters on the Socialist controversy, but Mr. Vivian has already dealt with his critics in this issue, and we must let the matter drop for the moment, lest we should be inundated with political effusions. However, we will quote briefly from each. Mr. Frank Harris having stated that "Socialism is every day entering further and further into English life," H. T. asks why, if Socialism be so beneficial, do we not see a corresponding increase of general happiness and contentment? Major Warren argues that "monopoly and not free competition is the legally created monster that bars the road to general wealth, liberty, and happiness." He supposes that Mr. Harris "has not been fortunate enough to have the principles of true Individualism expounded to him . . . as set forth by Proudhon and B. Tucker, of Boston *Liberty*." But, surely, Mr. Tucker is rather an extreme exponent of Individualism. Herbert Spencer is quite good enough for us.

(*Many replies stand over.*)

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THE DECLINE OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Will Doctors be able to hold their own against the "Nature Schools"?

For some time past the *Daily Telegraph* has been discussing this subject. We are told that several of the principal medical training schools have shown a consistent falling off for some time in the number of candidates enrolled. The reason given is that sensible parents realise that the medical profession is overcrowded, or that it is no longer a money-making business. The unemployed practitioners would have us believe that the hospitals now treat people who can afford to pay for their medical attention. The satisfied consultant does not agree with this: he tells his less fortunate brothers that they are themselves to blame, firstly, by their lack of progression in their science, and, secondly, by being too ready to take small fees, thus cheapening their profession. These various causes are put forth as reasons for the decline of the medical profession, and are but poor excuses. There are, however, real reasons which most medical men know, but dare not publicly announce. First and foremost, it cannot be denied that during the last twenty years the general public have become somewhat more common-sensed, presumably from the advance made in education during that time, while the science of doctoring has made little or no advancement, the administering of drugs and potions still remaining the basis of primitive medical science. This is not the fault of the practitioner—it is the system of training the medical student that is wrong, and the rank conservatism of the medical councils, who will not allow the profession to do differently to that which they were taught, that compels the practitioner to work in such a narrow groove. This the public have not been slow to recognise, and in many ways they have and are striving to obtain health and strength in a more sensible and certain way. In other words, the tendency of the age is to get further from the medicine man and nearer to nature.

The Actual Reason.

Herein we find another hidden reason for the decline in the medical profession, but which must be uppermost in their minds. By striving to get nearer nature it is soon discovered that nature demands that the human body should be kept physically active if a consistency of good health and strength is desired, day in and day out, and in order to assist the sensible public in answering nature's demand in this direction, numerous advocates of all kinds of means to give physical activity to the body have sprung up, as is evidenced by advertisements in the daily Press; and, although this method of treatment has only been prominently before the public a few years, the number of cures and enthusiastic supporters to be found on the books of the different advocates give a striking proof that the medical man must in time find it more difficult to get patients: the nature schools will get them instead.

One of the most prominent and successful nature schools is that directed by Mr. F. Meredith Clease, at 74, New Bond Street, London, W. Mr. Clease has been teaching and studying the science of health culture for the past twenty years, and can number among his numerous clients some of the most prominent people of the day, including many leading members of the medical profession. It is only within the last two years, however, that Mr. Clease has made known his valuable health methods by advertisement, and the results obtained have exceeded all sanguine expectations, not only in the number of new clients, but in actual benefits given and cures effected. Such results cannot be for ever ignored by the medical profession, as they are inclined to do at the present. It would be more to their advantage and future prosperity if they were to boldly accept the inevitable, and assist the movement; in other words, let the medical school and the nature school join forces. The health and strength of the nation would improve by such combination by leaps and bounds.

Nature Versus Drugs.

To justify this assumption it is only necessary to make a cursory glance through Mr. Clease's files, in which will be found personal testimony from hundreds of clients as to actual permanent cures (not alleviation). For the purpose of this article an analysis of the cures of organic troubles and improved physical development was made during a period of a few months; this is the result: Cases of constipation cured, 375; indigestion, 650; nerve disorders, 420; while under the heading of physical improvement the number ran into four figures, but cannot very well be classified. In this section, however, will be found testimony in abundance of increase of height, of chest and bust (Mr. Clease has as many lady as men clients), decrease of abdomen and hips, improved carriage and symmetry of the body, and the straightening of spinal curvatures and removal of numerous other physical disorders and defects.

For one man to accomplish all this in a few months certainly proves that the method employed must be good. Where is the medical man who can accomplish so much with his present primitive methods? It must, however, be admitted that the greater part of Mr. Clease's work is done by correspondence, which means that he has hundreds of clients in different parts of the world. But a great number avail themselves of the opportunity of receiving personal instruction from Mr. Clease himself at his school in Bond Street; amongst these may be found many members of the peerage and aristocracy.

Mr. Clease's Valuable Treatise on Health, Strength, Physical Beauty, and How to Obtain It, is certainly most interestingly written. Write to-day for a copy, which will be sent you free of charge. Address your enquiry (all correspondence is confidential) to F. Meredith Clease, 11c, Clease Buildings, 74, New Bond Street, London, W.—[Advt.]

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

A SURGEON'S STORY.

We recently received the following interesting and remarkable letter:—

To the Editor of John Bull.

Sir,—The following case of a surgical accident which came under my immediate notice at a small seaside village last autumn may prove of interest as showing the effect of Christian Science on broken bones, etc.

G. C., a boy aged ten years, had a severe fall on his right arm, by which he sustained a fracture of the lower third of the arm-bone (humerus), and a forward dislocation at the shoulder joint.

When I saw the boy, about fifteen minutes after the accident, he was crying bitterly, and when I attempted to examine him, the slightest movement of the arm seemed to cause him the most intense agony.

As I saw it was useless to attempt any surgical interference under the existing circumstances, I sent the boy home with a companion, told him to get into bed, and said I would call and see him there.

In about half an hour I did so; but in the meanwhile he had received Christian Science treatment, and when I saw him in bed he seemed almost free from pain, and allowed me to handle the injured limb freely.

I reduced the dislocation by manipulation, and set the fracture, without the boy making any remark, except a sharp "Oh!"—almost of surprise—when the head of the bone "clicked" back into its socket.

I then put a bandage round the fracture—no splints were used—and bandaged the arm to the chest in the ordinary way. That night the boy slept well and without pain.

On the second day after the accident, as the bandage was loose, I took it off.

There was no swelling or tenderness over the shoulder joint, and only slight swelling at the seat of fracture, although there was intense bruising over the lower half of the arm and elbow.

On the fifth day I took the bandage off again, and found that the arm could be moved pretty freely in all directions without pain.

On the twelfth day I saw him out by himself sculling in an ordinary light sea boat.

Christian Science treatment was continued all through the time, but in this letter I have simply given the surgical notes of the case.

The points of interest which struck me most were:—

1. The almost entire absence of pain after the first Christian Science treatment.
2. The absence of swelling and inflammation.
3. The extraordinary rapidity of the healing process—certainly less than half the usual time taken in similar cases.
4. The absolutely perfect union of the fractured bone, and smallness of the "callus" thrown out.

I enclose the boy's full name and address, in order that you may be able to verify the statements herein contained.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

F. Alex. Barton,
B.A.Cantab., M.R.C.S.Eng., L.R.C.P.Lond.

Oakwood Avenue, Beckenham,
September 1st, 1906.

[A curious coincidence, no doubt, but *post hoc* is not necessarily, *propter hoc*. In any case, we never denied that faith is a useful accessory to a cure.—Ed.]

RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. Lotinga.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Another Recruit from the Flat.

J. Jarvis, who two seasons ago was the crack feather-weight jockey, is running to weight, so that it is almost certain he will be seen in the saddle in jumping races this winter, upon horses trained by his father.

A "Military Man."

The Dunstall Park winner, Mark Wood, is in the care of one of our now numerous Service men who have become trainers, in Major "Guy" Reynolds, who obtained his racing experiences in India, where he was very successful. He is in the 3rd Dragoons, and gained the D.S.O. order in the South African war.

The New Regime.

There will be many changes in regard to employment of jockeys by different jumping stables this winter, when competition will be keener than ever. The older hands will find this means taking a few odd chance rides away from them, for every stable will not only have its own regular jockey, but two or three apprentice lads especially for giving horses public schools, and able to claim the new 5 lb. allowance.

Have not "Settled."

Shoals of little backers have, as was only natural seeing that a favourite won, NOT been paid over the Cesarewitch. At this season of year the swindling agents go in for a big advertisement to make their harvest, never intending to pay out, whatever wins. Send me along the defaulters' names, for if I cannot help you to get the money, it will anyhow be some service in preventing others following you into the same net. It is backers' own faults, for they should be guided by the "ads." in these columns.

A False Rumour.

Nothing spreads quicker than racing rumour, and nothing is more easily created—usually without foundation. One canard that has been going the round of late anent Velocity is that he has won a trial, and, further, that it was against a horse in a neighbouring stable. This, not unnaturally, is resented by the connections of the horse, and more especially by his trainer, Mr. Peebles, whose authority I have to entirely deny such reports. Mr. Peebles is a gentleman as well as a trainer, and does not—as is not unknown with some trainers—consider animals in his charge "his horses," to do as he likes with, whilst the real owner merely pays the bills.

Newcastel.

We are apt to speak, and write, of a certain rendezvous from hearsay or tradition, and, when we have not been there, to utterly underestimate the pleasures, conduct, and suitability of particular venues. Having visited Newcastle last week, I can add the very strongest personal eulogies as to the place in its entirety. Its adaptability for racing, excellent management, and unequalled picturesque natural surroundings are remarkable. Unquestionably there is no better course in England. Those who speak so glibly of the beauties of Goodwood, with its natural, well-wooded surrounding park, are unaware of the claims of High Gosforth Park, the meetings very much resembling each other, although at Newcastle the horses run left hand inside, the shape of both the round and straight courses, with its riparian back-ground of foliage, exactly resembling Newbury. To find a straight course that is straight, and ground upon any part of which interference in running is impossible—so that the best horse must win—is quite extraordinary after the various venues which claim some reputation spuriously. To owners and trainers who have never been to Newcastle I would certainly say go there and give Gosforth Park a trial. Those who have journeyed so far afield assuredly never fail to go again, although the meeting—with its substantial stakes and all-round excellence—is pretty generally left to the northern forces. Hats off to the Gosforth Park executive—headed by their courteous manager, Mr. T. H. Hitch—upon what they have done, and are continuing to do, in improvements to the place.

A Parallel.

The fact of Polymelus being such an abnormal favourite for the Cambridgeshire—at the moment of writing—sets one seeking for a similar state of affairs. We have only to turn to four years back when Ballantrae, then equally heavily and similarly the medium of countless double event bets, won as a 9 to 4 chance. Bookmakers aver that they do, or, rather, did, expect a "turn up" in a Cambridgeshire (even if they never get one in the Cesarewitch), but since the race has been run on the new course the earlier public form—especially that in the Kempton Duke of York Stakes—has invariably provided a very reliable key to the result. Prior to that, when the Cambridgeshire was run up the old Criterion Hill, it was altogether a different race, and an absolutely opposite sort of contest. Ballantrae's price, however, is not a record, as some twenty years ago as little as 6 to 4 was taken about Medicus, belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, and who in a field of nearly thirty finished third.

A Despoiling Medium.

Reference to Kempton's race at once suggests the idea that it is hardly fair upon Newmarket for the Duke of York Stakes to be promoted as an almost identical type of race so immediately in front of the Houghton event. Kempton's big autumn handicap has not existed many years, and has been altered two or three times in distance. It is always a success, and should certainly be continued, but consideration and fairness causes one to propose that it should be more a race that does NOT have such immediate direct bearing upon the Cambridgeshire. This year it was a mile event, its reduction to seven furlongs would altogether alter the aspect of things, and still not clash with the previous day's six furlong Richmond Plate for sprinters; this, however, in turn, might be reduced to five furlongs. As an alternative, the Duke of York Stakes could be run for over a mile and a half, and then, again, it would be quite a different race to the Cambridgeshire, and appeal to an altogether different set of horses. As it is, exactly the SAME animals are nominated and handicapped in each. If Kempton's executive cannot see their way to alter matters as far as they are concerned, then the weights for the Cambridgeshire should not be allotted until immediately after the decision of the Duke of York Stakes. This is somewhat similar to the holding back of the allotments for some of the Spring Handicaps, which was attempted last year, but dropped this as somewhat unsuccessful. True, I grant, that my suggestions would absolutely cut away all the early Cambridgeshire betting, and particularly the double event business, but it would be to backers' interests, for at present with horses dually engaged they never really know whether they are going to run at Kempton or not, and if they do, whether defeat or a penalty there would nullify their chance. But for the Duke of York Stakes this season, for instance, what an open, heavy, all-round betting event the Cambridgeshire would have

"Perhaps the largest Turf accountant business in the world is presided over by Mr. Daniel M. Gant, whose premises are situated in the very heart of the West End of London, namely, at 25, Conduit Street, W. His business has, of course, been established for many years, and he himself is a well-known member of Tattersall's Subscription Rooms, which is a testimonial that requires no further remarks. Mr. Gant was the originator of the no-limit system—that is to say, he was the first Turf accountant to pay his clients the full odds betted against a horse. It is true that several others have followed suit, but it can be safely said that no rules ever devised by mortal man can show such fairness and liberality in every way to clients as those issued from 25, Conduit Street." "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," May 30th, 1906.—Write for terms, the most advantageous extant.

been, and what a certainty for Polymelus without his penalty!

Prophetic.

Beyond the Cambridgeshire it is a very poor week's sport. On Wednesday, at Newmarket, TUI should win the New Nursery under his penalty, similarly to

POLYMELUS

the Cambridgeshire, in which KAFFIR CHIEF will get a place. On Friday WINNIE K.—at a long price—must be "thereabouts" for the Queensberry Handicap, and KLIPSPRINGER should take his race at Folkestone on Saturday. Needing already to allude to Newbury in the middle of next week, I would urge that BILLIDERE be not forgotten in the Nursery.

ESTABLISHED 27 YEARS.

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HOW YOU BECAME BALD

And How You May Possess Again

PLENTY OF HAIR.

The Hair

The hair first began to come out with the comb; there was also some scurf. You became anxious and resorted to the barber's "remedies"—singeing, shampooing, with the use of sticky liquids highly recommended by him. You were a good customer of the barber; he gains his profit from the people who are worried about the hair which naturally falls out and renews itself every seven years if normal conditions exist.

Gradually You Became Bald

Gradually you became bald. The more you tried to do something effective for the hair growth, the more the bald spot widened. Then some wiseacre said: "You cannot grow a plant where there's no seed, nor can you produce a hair when the root is dead." So you assumed that the roots of your departed hairs were dead and accepted what you considered the inevitable.

Now You May Take Fresh Courage

Now you may take fresh courage! In all probability the roots are dormant, existing under a hardened skin which prevents new hair stems from coming through. When the hair fell out, it would very likely have been well enough if you had left Nature to carry on its process of sending forth new stems, but you allowed things to be done to your hair, also used cheaply-prepared washes which clogged the orifices and knitted the outer scalp skin so that delicate hair stems could not possibly force through. Thereby you slowly cultivated baldness and the roots are yet in your scalp, in a semi-smothered condition, only waiting for the follicles to become opened and for a genuine, scientific treatment to bring forth an abundant supply of healthy hair, of the natural youthful colour.

Hair Roots Keep Alive

Hair roots keep alive, buried under the scalp, for many years; in fact, it is known that after death, hair has suddenly and profusely developed on heads that were bald since early life—the seemingly marvellous new growth being due to chemical conditions following the final illness.

Professor Kados asserts that no single preparation can remedy long-standing baldness; a combination of two different prescriptions being necessary. Occasionally some hair tonic or ointment will yield a result where some very simple condition exists, but for real baldness it is a waste of time and money to promiscuously try all the different so-called restorers that are recommended by advertisements, barbers, or otherwise.

The Kados Prescriptions

The Kados Prescriptions, applicable to every kind of hair ailment, including baldness, falling hair, scurf, premature greyness, etc., may be obtained, sealed, post paid, by any reader of JOHN BULL who applies for the same by post card. No money or stamps need be sent in answer to this. Merely write to The Secretary, Dept. (21B.), Kados Labortory, 54, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

RIGHT HERE lies the CAUSE

of FALLING LIFELESS WEAK HAIR

THIN (Prematurely) GREY AND NO HAIR

All these hair troubles commence in the root of the hair where all the growth occurs. It is very simple. A germ is carried to the root, and settles there because it is a good feeding ground. It quickly multiplies, and very soon there are two, then four, then eight, and so on to thousands. The little blood vessel is carrying nourishment to the root but the germs are using it, and destroying the root. Very soon the hair becomes prematurely grey, weak, dull, or falls out. Could anything be simpler or more easily understood? Now, you wish to know what is the cure.

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We know that Capsuloids are a cure, because we have proved that when Capsuloids are taken they enter the blood and pass to the hair roots and kill the germs so that the hair roots then get their own nourishment and are no longer starved. They grow firm and strong, the falling out ceases, the hair regains its lustre, and it increases in length and thickness. By taking Capsuloids occasionally you may keep your hair in perfect condition, and by avoiding baldness avoid looking old. If you are already bald, Capsuloids will give you a good head of hair provided the roots have any life left in them. Nothing else has ever been discovered that is like Capsuloids. They do exactly what we claim. Now you know the cause, and you know the only cure. THE NAME OF THAT CURE IS

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